

# MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. VI.—NO. 32.

MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1895.

\$150 PER ANNUM.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

**W. M. GRAYSON**, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc. Office Main St., Moose Jaw, N. W. T. Agent for the Canada Northwest Land Company, Limited, and the Trustees of Moose Jaw Town Site.

**J. G. GORDON**, Barrister, Advocate, Etc. Agent for the Manitoba and North West Land Co. Office, High St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

**W. J. NELSON**, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer. Room 10, Aberdeen House, River St. E., Moose Jaw.

**JOHNSTONE & JONES**, Barristers, Solicitors, Advocates, Etc. Offices: Cor. South Ry. & Rose Sts., Regina. T. C. JOHNSTONE. FORD JONES, B.A.

**A. R. TURNBULL**, M.D., C.M. Office in Bole's block, cor. Main and River streets.

**D. R. F. F. SIZE**, Surgeon-Dentist. Will visit Moose Jaw on the 29th and 30th of each month. Feb. 25th of month. Satisfaction given both in workmanship and price. Twelve years professional practice in Ontario, Manitoba and the N. W. Territories.

**W. D. COWAN**, L.D.S., D.D.S., Surgeon-Dentist, of Regina, (graduate of the oldest Dental College in the world), visits Moose Jaw staying at the Dining Hall on the first Monday and following Tuesday of every month.

**SEYMOUR GREEN**, Insurance agent. Issuer Marriage Licenses; School Delinquencies bought; Homestead entries made; Full list of all lands open for entry in the Moose Jaw District; Farms for sale with from 50 to 250 acres under cultivation, easy payments; C. P. R. and Hudson Bay lands for sale. Money to loan.

**I. O. F.**, Court Moose Jaw, No. 509, holds its regular meeting in Russell Hall, on the last Tuesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p.m. Every member is requested to attend. Next regular meeting will be held on Tuesday, February 23rd. C. D. J. Christie, C.R. H. E. Dwyer, R.S.

**X'mas 1894,**

**New Years 1895**

Now is the winter of our discontent, but notwithstanding should you require any articles in our lines, namely,

**WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,** the pick of the choicest brands selected from the markets of both hemispheres, call on or write to

**OCTAVIUS FIELD.** Terms Cash.

**MUSIC!** For the Winter Season.

Alexander Ball wishes to give notice to the public that he has rented from Mr. Thos. Healey his room, which is 25 x 40, and is prepared to let it out for dances, concerts and white parties, etc., etc., at reasonable terms. Mr. Ball is also prepared to take pupils for singing, piano forte and organ lessons, also classes for instruction in the theory of music.

**Terms for Winter Season.**  
Playing at dances, hours from 9 to 1 a.m., \$5.00; after these hours \$8.00.  
Playing at evening parties \$3.00.  
Organ lessons \$3.00.  
Piano or organ lessons at Mr. Ball's rooms \$5.00 per quarter; at residence \$6.00 per quarter. Singing lessons \$3.00 per quarter of 12 lessons. Music provided for balls, evening parties, entertainments, etc.  
The above to date from Dec. 1st, 1894.

**Lumber**

Coal and wood is what every one must have at this time of the year and we can supply both at the right prices. Cord wood or cut into stove lengths. The celebrated Hassard Mine Spurge Coal, the most economical fuel on the market. Just the thing for these hard times; to try it is to be convinced.

**E. Simpson & Co.**

## STOCKTAKING.

Special CASH Prices for the Next 10 Days.

We offer our stock of fancy china, steel toilet sets, tea and coffee pots, rice and fruit boilers, children's sets, plate cup and saucers at—

## ACTUAL COST.

These are fine goods and will last a lifetime.

**20% DISCOUNT** off plated ware, table and pocket cutlery, carving and children's sets, skates, fancy clocks, hand painted stand lamps, fancy hall lamps, lamp shades and the celebrated Mammoth Store lamps, equal in every respect to the Pittsburgh.

**15% DISCOUNT** off artisan's and mechanic's tools, general lines of tinware and painter's supplies.

Ten Days Only.

**E. A. BAKER & CO'Y.**

## I. M. CHALMERS.

During the month of **JANUARY** we will offer our entire stock of Dry Goods, Gent's Furnishing, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Etc.

**AT : ACTUAL : COST : FOR : CASH : ONLY.**

This is undoubtedly the Greatest Offer of the Season.

**See the bargains.**

We are offering the best of goods at prices that will surprise the most fastidious. Certain lines we almost give away.

**LARGEST FUR AND HIDE HOUSE** In North America.

**Jas. McMillan & Co.,** 200-212 FIRST AVE., NORTH. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fair Selection; Immediate Returns. Make Us a Trial Shipment. Write for Circular Giving Latest Market Prices.

## ANTHRACITE COAL.

Furnace size, \$9.50  
Stove size, 9.50

All orders must be accompanied with the Cash or coal will not be delivered.

**WILSON & McDONALD.**

## T. W. ROBINSON.



**Great CASH CLEARING Sale**

Still going on, and judging from the big increase in our Cash Sales and the amount of goods going out, we are pleased to note that our customers appreciate and are taking advantage of the

**Great Bargains**

that are to be had in those reduced goods, and still we keep adding to them; any odd line goes to the centre table. Also that we do not believe in carrying goods over from one season to another. Clear them out at cost and even less in some cases.

Of course the idea is to reduce our liabilities, make use of the money and make room for next season's goods, and by so doing we are helping ourselves and also giving our customers equal benefits.



We have a few **MEN'S FUR COATS** left and two Ladies Fur Jackets which are specially low, also Fur Caps 25 per cent. discount for cash.

## Men's Footwear

at a great reduction. You need a pair of those Moscow Felted reduced from \$5.00 to \$3.75 to clear the balance out. Just the thing for railroad men. All kinds of winter footwear, some lines a great reduction on them, Ladies' skating shoes lined \$3.00 for \$2.25.

We would invite you to call and inspect those great bargain centres, we are satisfied you will find something there that you need and the price will sell. We have thrown out a few lines of men's heavy tweed pants from \$2.50 to \$3.00 for only \$1.85.

**See Our 25 and 50 Cent Crockery Tables.**

A look through will enlighten you to talk with your neighbor of the great bargains to be had at

**T. W. Robinson's**

## HISTORICAL.

THE MOOSE JAW NEWS AND QU'APPELLE RECORD.

A Glance Through the First Newspaper Published in the Town—The Progress of a Decade.

Ten or twelve years in advance seems quite a span, but in a western metropolis the time flies by and almost like Rip Van Winkle in looking round you are amazed at the improvement and feel that Moose Jaw must certainly have been a town before '82. The rapidity of growth of North-West towns is exceeded only by the mushroom towns of Nevada and Pennsylvania, when gold and crude oil was discovered and people flocked in to turn abandon everything and leave as soon as the treasures had been exhausted. Not so with Moose Jaw. Times may have been hard but there is a stability and kangaroo-ativeness about its population that bid fair to make it what knowing ones have predicted the "Chicago of the North-West."

The spring of 1883 opened brightly and people flocked in; nearly every section of land for a radius of twenty miles was taken by some speculator or settler. A shack eight by ten and about an acre of land constituted a claim, and to use a western phrase "It would knock your eye out," the value set on this claim. The dry years cleaned out the speculators and made a hard run on the settlers. About this time a great deal of uncertainty existed as to the final location of the divisional terminus. Like all transactions in this matter the R. R. Co. were "mum as clams," and the first reliable information that banished all suspense was a train of flat cars conveying the timbers of the Regina round house which were subsequently placed in position on the present site and Moose Jaw became a railroad centre. Confidence was at once restored and the work of transforming a tented town into a North-West city was begun. Incorporation was at once agitated and obtained. The first municipal election took place in December 1883 and was the most exciting ever held in the town. The contest for mayor laid between Mr. J. E. Ross, the father of our local representative, and Mr. R. L. Alexander, and was "a fight from the drop of the hat."

When the shades of evening settled on the battle ground Mr. Ross was found to have one of a majority and was declared elected. The council was composed as follows: T. B. Baker, Daniel McLean, Geo. Gagen and J. T. Simpson. To those gentlemen fell the lot of framing the first legislation of the new town. Mr. Ross at the head was equal to the task, having served in the city council of London, Ont., for years, thus being familiar with municipal affairs. Of this first council three members are still residents, Mr. Dan McLean C. P. R. engineer, T. B. Baker merchant, and J. T. Simpson lumber dealer.

Grievances more or less existed and to properly place them before the authorities on the other end of the continent Mr. Jas. E. Wells founded the text of our present article, "The Moose Jaw News and Qu'Appelle Record." The paper was launched as an independent journal loyal to the Dominion of Canada and thoroughly devoted to the interests of the North-West Territories. The paper was ably edited, all questions being discussed fearlessly and intelligently. The advertising columns were largely patronized showing enterprise among the business men of which we may add Moose Jaw was at this time largely made up and distributed between River, High and Main streets.

The post office was located two blocks from Main street on High street and naturally drew towards it branches of mercantile trade whose owners could see the advantage of being on the main "trail" every one having to go to the P.O.

Of the early High street business houses only one remains. The blacksmith shop of J. A. McDonald was in early days the general store of Wilson & Co. A business block was erected by our present townsmen Mr. Wm. Holmes nearly opposite the old post office but was subsequently torn down and converted into dwelling houses which are still standing. The lively stable of Walsh & Hendricks was destroyed by fire in 1884 but afterwards rebuilt by Mr. Walsh who still resides in the town. The Enterprise Hotel erected by D. Carmichael

on High street east of Main was destroyed by fire in 1885 together with the baker shop of Geo. Robinson. The Foley block was among the first of the large business blocks. The Brunswick, Ottawa, Occidental, Enterprise and Moose Hotels furnished accommodation for the travelling public. The Moose on the corner of Main and High streets was converted into dwellings by its owner Mr. D. McLean. The Enterprise and Occidental were destroyed by fire and the Brunswick and Ottawa still weather the breeze to the hostleries of 1883. Of the early hotel keepers but one is left, Mr. H. Bates, who is at present ranching about ten miles south-west of Moose Jaw, death and a desire to wander having distributed the balance beyond the knowledge of the writer. More in the future.

## EXAMINATIONS.

Results of Half-yearly Examinations—High School Department

We publish this week the results of the annual half-yearly examinations in connection with the High School department. Those of the other departments were made public in our issue of the 4th inst. Names are given in order of merit. Standard VI hold certificates of the third class. Standard V, Sr., write for this certificate in July. Those ranked A, have obtained 75 per cent. and over; B, 50 per cent. and over; C, 34 per cent. and over; D, under 34 per cent. In the Departmental examinations 34 per cent. of the marks given in each subject, with 50 per cent. of the total marks, must be obtained before a certificate is granted.

### STANDARD VI.

Euclid.—A, Wm. McWilliams, B, Miss Stevenson.  
Algebra.—B, Wm. McWilliams, Miss Stevenson.  
Arithmetic.—B, Miss Stevenson, D, Wm. McWilliams.  
Literature.—B, Miss Stevenson, C, Wm. McWilliams, Miss Porter.  
Grammar.—B, Wm. McWilliams.

### STANDARD V, SR.

Euclid.—A, Harry Porter, B, Norman Bellamy, Warren MacBride, C, William Waller, Fred Wilson, James Simington, D, Jas. Christie.  
Algebra.—A, Harry Porter (99%), B, Mabel Beesley, Jas. Christie, Jas. Simington, Warren MacBride, Norman Bellamy, Fred Wilson, C, Miss Hannah and George Porter, eq.; William Waller.

### STANDARD V, JR.

Euclid.—B, Roy Ivor, Laura Langford.  
Algebra.—A, Laura Langford, B, Roy Ivor.

### STANDARD V, JR. AND SR.

Literature.—A, Mabel Beesley, Laura Langford, Harry Porter, B, Wm. Waller, Geo. Porter and Warren MacBride, eq.; Roy Ivor, Jas. Christie, Norman Bellamy, Jas. Simington, Miss Hannah, C, Fred Wilson.  
Grammar.—A, Fred Wilson, B, Jas. Simington, Laura Langford, Warren MacBride, Harry Porter, Roy Ivor, Norman Bellamy, C, Jas. Christie, Wm. Waller, Geo. Porter.  
Arithmetic.—B, Warren MacBride, Fred Wilson, Laura Langford, Harry Porter, Norman Bellamy, C, Geo. Porter and Jas. Christie, eq.; D, Miss Hannah, Wm. Waller.

### STANDARDS VI AND V.

History (Canadian).—A, Wm. McWilliams, B, Mabel Beesley, Geo. Porter, Jas. Simington, Laura Langford, Miss Stevenson, Harry Porter, Norman Bellamy, Roy Ivor, C, Jas. Christie, Fred Wilson, Wm. Waller.  
Geography (British Colonies).—F, Wm. Waller, Wm. McWilliams, Geo. Porter, Jas. Simington, Laura Langford, C, Jas. Christie, Warren MacBride, Harry Porter, Roy Ivor, Fred Wilson and Norman Bellamy, eq.  
Composition.—B, Wm. McWilliams, Wm. Waller, Miss Stevenson, Fred Wilson, Harry Porter, Laura Langford, Jas. Simington, C, Geo. Porter, Warren MacBride, Roy Ivor, D, Jas. Christie, Norman Bellamy.

Agriculture.—A, Wm. McWilliams, Laura Langford, Wm. Waller, Harry Porter, Mabel Beesley, B, Jas. Simington, Norman Bellamy, Roy Ivor, Geo. Porter, C, Miss Stevenson, Fred Wilson, Miss Hannah, Jas. Christie.  
Writing.—A, Miss Stevenson, Warren MacBride, B, Geo. Porter, Wm. McWilliams, Fred Wilson, Harry Porter, Jas. Christie, C, Roy Ivor, Norman Bellamy, Wm. Waller, Laura Langford.



# UNDER A CLOUD.

## A THRILLING TALE OF HUMAN LIFE.

### CHAPTER XV. WIFE TO A CONVICT.

Sir Mark awoke next morning thoroughly convinced that he had been the victim of a scoundrel, but he kept his word, and did everything possible in the way of providing able legal assistance for his son-in-law. He had taken Myra and her cousin at once to a retired sea-side place within easy reach of town, and made James Dale's case the sole business of his life.

It was a two days' business, that trial, owing to the efforts made by the counsel for the defense, who fought their client's cause gallantly. But it was a losing game from beginning to end; the proofs were utterly crushing. James Dale had obtained a large income from the forgeries for years, and his companion in the inquiry had purchased property extensively.

The West Indian estates were certainly in existence, and belonged to a family name of Barron, but in the prisoner's case the name was assumed, and in his real history he was, with his confederate, sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. "Deserved it, every hour," said Sir Mark, with a sigh of relief, as he drove away from the court with Guest.

"Now for a few months of quiet abroad, and then I shall have to see the lawyers again."

Guest looked at him inquiringly.

"Eh? What do I mean? Well, I don't understand much about such matters, but surely under the circumstances the laws of England will not keep my child tied to such a racial as that."

Guest was about to speak, but the old man interrupted him.

"Fancy, my lad, after an apprenticeship of seven years to a convict's life that fellow knocking at my door, and Andrews coming up to say that he had called for his wife."

Guest shuddered; the idea was horrible. "No, no, my lad; that would do at all. But there's no more about it now. By and by I shall hear what the lawyers think about a divorce."

They shook hands and parted, the admiral going home, and Guest straight to his friend's chambers, where he knocked, but there was no answer.

Brettison came out, though, from the adjoining room.

"He has not come back yet from the trial," Brettison said.

"Indeed! I looked round the court, but could not see him there. You have heard, of course?"

"The verdict? Yes, I was there."

The two men looked inquiringly into each other's eyes, and just then a step was heard upon the stairs.

"Here he is," whispered Guest, and the next minute, looking very calm and self-possessed, Stratton joined them, and asked them in; but Brettison declined, and went back to his own chambers, while Guest followed his way to Bourne Square.

Thinking, as he entered the quiet, retired place, of how his coming had changed the current of Stratton's career.

"Sit down, old fellow," said Stratton cheerfully, and he opened the closet by the fireplace to reach down a box of cigars, which he handed to Guest, and then took one himself.

"Now for it," thought Guest as Stratton sat back, looking pale still and thin from his illness; but he only went on smoking, apparently waiting for his friend to speak.

"And I don't know what to say," thought Guest.

He was relieved from his embarrassment at last by Stratton beginning to talk about one of the current topics of the day, and he left the chambers at last without having been the slightest reference to the trial.

Guest found his way to Bourne Square the next afternoon, and was startled to find all the shutters closed and the blinds drawn in the upper rooms.

"Out of town" seemed written plainly all over the house, for that nothing serious was the matter was evident from a friendly chat going on at the area gate between two maids, who had dispensed with the hated headgear of slavery—caps—and were laughing with a rustic-looking young milkman.

Guest took a cab and drove to Miss Jerrold's in Baywater, to find that lady at home and ready to welcome him.

"Gone, my dear boy," she said, "Gone to Rome first, and the best thing too. I never liked that man, Percy Guest. He looked like silver, but I could feel that he was only electro-plated. Well, poor Myra had a terrible escape. It was, of course, her money, and he looked for some of mine."

"But when are they coming back, Miss Jerrold?"

"Oh, not for a long time, I hope. It will be the best thing in the world for poor Myra, and I have been thinking that I shall go and join them soon. Not till they have all had time to calm down. There is nothing to mind till then."

She said these last words so meaningfully that Guest gave her an inquiring look, and the old lady said:

"You want to know why I said that, don't you? Well, I'll tell you, Percy Guest. Old women can speak pretty plainly, and I trust you to be discreet. The fact is, my brother is one of the best men that ever breathed, and at sea he had few officers who were his equal, but on shore he is one of those men whom any clever, designing scoundrel could impose upon, and if I don't go to them and play the dragon of watchfulness we shall be having a foreign court without a penny, or some other dreadful swindler, hoodwinking him till there is another engagement, and poor Myra driven half mad."

"What, after such a lesson as this has been, Miss Jerrold?"

"Of course. Poor Mark will think the best thing for Myra to do will be to marry so as to get rid of the ambiguous position in which she is placed. Wife to a convict serving his time. Poor child, it gives me a shudder every time I think of it. There, I will not think of it any more. I've made my mind up, and I shall go."

"I would," said Guest eagerly.

"Eh? And pray why, sir?" cried the old lady sharply.

"I thought it would be better," said Guest contentedly.

"For someone to know, eh? No, no, sir, that's all over now. Some people had

better treat their lives as schoolboys do their slates; sponge them neatly, make them clean, and begin all over again."

### CHAPTER XVI. "I SHALL HAVE TO GO."

A year passed rapidly away, during which time Guest's visits were pretty constant to Bencher's Inn, or to that institution where the new curator seemed to have thrown himself with so much spirit into his work that Guest often came to the conclusion that he must have treated his past after the fashion suggested by the admiral's sister. For there were no friendly confidences, and it was only a supposition that Stratton might be well informed as to the doings of the family abroad.

"Four days," she said sally, "but he was painter's work; and excited by this he rang at Miss Jerrold's, was shown up, and as soon as he had shaken hands the old lady tightened her lips and shook her head at him."

"All my good advice thrown away, boy," she said. "Now no deceit; you've heard news?"

"Indeed, no," he cried. "I only came through the square."

"On purpose?"

"Well, yes, and saw that there were men at your painting."

"That may mean my brother is going to let the house,"

"But Sir Mark is not going to let the house, Miss Jerrold?"

"Of course not. Yes; you are right; they will be back in about a week."

"In a week?" cried Guest joyously.

"Yes, I am sure you see, though. How about your friend, Mr. Stratton? He has forgotten all that mad nonsense, I suppose?"

Guest was silent for a few moments while the old lady looked at him inquiringly.

"You do not know Malcolm Stratton as I do," he said sally. "He has never mentioned Miss Myra Jerrold's name."

"Mr. Dale or Barron's?" said the lady sternly, but Guest shook his head.

"Since the wedding day, but if I know anything of my friend she has never seen him out of his thoughts."

The tears started to Miss Jerrold's eyes. "Poor boy," she said sally, "but he must not think of her. My brother had certain thoughts about getting the marriage cancelled, but Myra will not hear of it."

"Surely she does not care for this man?"

"I don't know, my dear boy. She is a mystery to me. I tried to talk to her several times when I was near, but she closed my lips at once. I am nobody now. I can pretty well manage her father, but—who in the world can call her his?" she cried hastily. "I'm not at home."

She rose to ring the bell, but there were steps already on the stairs, and the servant, looking a little startled, opened the door.

"Mr. Stratton, sir," he said. "He says Stratton was already at the door, looking pale, but with a red spot burning in each cheek."

"You here, Guest?" he said excitedly. "Miss Jerrold, pray ask your niece to see me, if only for a minute."

"My niece, Mr. Stratton," said the old lady coldly. "Is in Paris."

"No," he cried. "They reached Charing Cross not half an hour ago."

"Stratton, old man," whispered Guest, "for goodness sake, contain yourself. Indeed they are not here."

"Hah!" cried Stratton excitedly as a cab drew up to the door, and he gazed how he had, in his excitement, outstripped with a fast-hansom the slow four-wheeled cab; and without giving aunt or friend another thought he dashed down stairs and out to the cab door.

Myra was looking eagerly up at the house as the front door opened, and Edie heard her give a hoarse gasp as she shrank back into the corner of the seat with her eyes closed, and a gasp at the unexpected sight of Stratton.

It was only momentary. By the time he reached the cab door it opened, and he held out his hand, she had drawn herself up, and it was the calm, dignified, graceful woman of the world who gave the trembling man her hand to help her alight.

"Ah, Mr. Stratton," she said, and her voice thrilled him. "I did not expect to see you here. I hope you have quite recovered from your illness. Thanks, Mr. Guest too. Yes, you may take my wraps. Ah, there is aunt. Aunt, we have taken you quite by storm. Papa had letters yesterday which said must be attended to personally at once. Can you take us in, or must we go to an hotel?"

This last in the hall, with that, trembling at the meeting, Aunt Rebecca had come down to embrace her nieces.

"Yes, yes, my dear; come in. So glad—so very glad. Mr. Guest, would you mind—the cabman?"

She handed the young man her purse, but Myra checked her.

"No, no, aunt dear; papa did see to that. So kind of you to have old friends here as surprise."

"No, no, my dear, an accident; and—"

"—they were just going away."

"Yes," said Stratton in a strange voice as he held out his hand and gazed with agonized eyes wistfully in those which looked so calmly in his; "we were just going—Miss Jerrold."

"Mrs. Harrison, Mr. Stratton," said Myra quietly, with just a suspicion of reproach in her voice, as she gave him her hand.

"Papa was talking about you the other day. I am sure he will be glad to see old friends."

She turned from him and shook hands with Guest, while Edie, with tears in her eyes, approached Stratton.

"So—to see you again, Mr. Stratton," she whispered, with the "glad" audible but it was of no consequence, being quite out of place.

He shook hands with her mechanically, but he did not seem to see her or hear her words, and she caught Guest's arm.

"Get him away," she whispered. "It was madness. Pray go, for everyone's sake."

Guest nodded, took his friend's arm, and the pair walked slowly away in silence till Stratton uttered a low, strange laugh, and as Guest met his wild eyes:

"No, old fellow," he said quietly. "I am not going mad—unless it was madness to obey the promptings of my poor, weak nature. Better come with me to my room, for something seems to keep on asking me if life is not all one great mistake."

Meanwhile at Miss Jerrold's house, the moment the door was closed, Myra had caught willy at her cousin's hand.

"Quick!" she cried in a hoarse whisper, "take me to my room, and with wild energy she hurried her cousin upstairs to close and lock the door before she gave vent to the wild, hysterical burst of agony that was struggling for exit."

"So cruel, so heartless," she sobbed as she paced the floor, wringing her hands and rejecting every attempt at consolation on her cousin's part. "He must have known. Oh, it's maddening."

"Myra, be calm, be calm."

"Calm!" cried Myra willy, "it is not possible. Do you think me made of stone instead of flesh and blood like yourself! You—my father—my aunt—all treat me as if I were a child whom a word or two will set free. I tell you again I am that man's wife. In my weakness and folly, blind to what I called my duty, I went headlong into that gulf of despair. I swore before the altar to his wife till death should us part. It is my fate, and there can be no change."

"But Myra—dear cousin!"

"I tell you, Edie, there is not an hour passes without my seeing him once more before me holding my hand, with his eyes telling me that I am his wife, and," she cried passionately as a low tapping was heard at the door, "I am waiting for the day when he will be released and come wherever I may be, to claim me and bid me follow him, whatever may be his future. And I shall have to go—I shall have to go."

"Myra," whispered Edie, throwing her arms about her neck, "hush, hush! Pray hush! Auntie is at the door; she must not hear you talk like this. These terrible fits are only for me to hear: my cousin, pray, pray, calm down."

Her tears, her sobs, had the desired effect; and as the tapping at the door was resumed, Myra sank down sobbing on a chair, and buried her flushed face in Edie's breast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WHAT DROWNING FEELS LIKE.

The Experience of Admiral Beaufort When He Fell Overboard in Portsmouth Harbour.

There are several authentic records of the experiences of persons who have been snatched from a watery grave when life was all but extinct. One of the most interesting is that of Admiral Beaufort, as described by himself. When a youngster he fell overboard in Portsmouth harbour, and before relief reached him had sunk below the surface. All hope had fled, all exertion ceased, and he felt that he was drowning.

We give his account of his sensations in his own words:—"From the moment that all exertion had ceased, a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquility superseded the previous tumultuous sensations—it might be called apathy, certainly not resignation, for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil. I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of a pleasant sort, partaking of that dull, but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind; its activity seemed to be invigorated, and it was as if I had been thrown into a long sleep after thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by anyone who has not himself been in a similar situation."

"I don't know, my dear boy. She is a mystery to me. I tried to talk to her several times when I was near, but she closed my lips at once. I am nobody now. I can pretty well manage her father, but—who in the world can call her his?" she cried hastily. "I'm not at home."

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It was only momentary. By the time he reached the cab door it opened, and he held out his hand, she had drawn herself up, and it was the calm, dignified, graceful woman of the world who gave the trembling man her hand to help her alight.

"Ah, Mr. Stratton," she said, and her voice thrilled him. "I did not expect to see you here. I hope you have quite recovered from your illness. Thanks, Mr. Guest too. Yes, you may take my wraps. Ah, there is aunt. Aunt, we have taken you quite by storm. Papa had letters yesterday which said must be attended to personally at once. Can you take us in, or must we go to an hotel?"

This last in the hall, with that, trembling at the meeting, Aunt Rebecca had come down to embrace her nieces.

"Yes, yes, my dear; come in. So glad—so very glad. Mr. Guest, would you mind—the cabman?"

She handed the young man her purse, but Myra checked her.

"No, no, aunt dear; papa did see to that. So kind of you to have old friends here as surprise."

"No, no, my dear, an accident; and—"

"—they were just going away."

"Yes," said Stratton in a strange voice as he held out his hand and gazed with agonized eyes wistfully in those which looked so calmly in his; "we were just going—Miss Jerrold."

"Mrs. Harrison, Mr. Stratton," said Myra quietly, with just a suspicion of reproach in her voice, as she gave him her hand.

"Papa was talking about you the other day. I am sure he will be glad to see old friends."

She turned from him and shook hands with Guest, while Edie, with tears in her eyes, approached Stratton.

"So—to see you again, Mr. Stratton," she whispered, with the "glad" audible but it was of no consequence, being quite out of place.

He shook hands with her mechanically, but he did not seem to see her or hear her words, and she caught Guest's arm.

"Get him away," she whispered. "It was madness. Pray go, for everyone's sake."

Guest nodded, took his friend's arm, and the pair walked slowly away in silence till Stratton uttered a low, strange laugh, and as Guest met his wild eyes:

"No, old fellow," he said quietly. "I am not going mad—unless it was madness to obey the promptings of my poor, weak nature. Better come with me to my room, for something seems to keep on asking me if life is not all one great mistake."



THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

## THE CZAR AT HOME.

### A NEW LIGHT ON THE LIFE OF THE LATE CZAR.

As Seen in the Privacy of His Family He Was Very Different From the Man the Newspapers Described.

His extreme privacy at home, not less than his free and easy style of living at Fredensborg, made the Czar one of the mythical figures of contemporary history. In Russia, court etiquette and political reasons compelled Alexander III. to deny himself to everybody, aside from the members of his family and his trusted servants. Denmark, where in the summer months the Czar might have been met almost like any private citizen, is apparently out of reach of the enterprising newspapermen.

The castle is a rambling old two storey building of undecided architecture, constructed in triangular form. Over the main entrance is a wooden cupola, flanked on each side by little turrets; the wings are long and narrow, and the complexity of buildings makes an unpretentious though homelike appearance, with its whitewashed walls and numberless slate-colored shutters.

Two sentinels are stationed at the entrance of the inner court formed by the triangle, which is otherwise unprotected against intruders, such being evidently not regarded with any grave apprehensions here, for even the guard indulges in none of the pugnacity usually displayed by that sort of functionary at royal residences.

A very English-looking groom, exercising a long-legged hunter in the stable grounds near by, pointed out the door which led to the Master of Ceremonies' apartments, and at the same time informed me that he was the "gentleman" in charge of the Princess of Wales's riding-school.

"They haven't a 'oss' ere that 'er royal 'ighness would mount," he added, contentedly.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE CZAR.

Just then two gentlemen emerged from the portal of the Greek chapel, which has been established in the former equestrian building, running parallel with the main axis of the castle and facing the open riding-school. The younger, a long lanky fellow with a ruddy face and a pleasant smile, wore the full uniform of the Blue Dragons, high boots, spurs, and helmet.

He looked for all the world as if he had just come from a three hours' horseback journey, and was talking loudly to his companion pointing to the heavy sword at his side. The other gentleman seemed to agree with him in the matter under discussion, and the soldier unconsciously whistled for the groom whom I had engaged in conversation.

The Princess's man at once answered the summons with a ready, "At your service, royal 'ighness," at the same time thrusting the reins into my hands and running off to the chapel. Half a minute later he returned with the sabre, of which H. R. H. meanwhile had divested himself.

"The Prince Christian, the future King of these islands," he explained.

"And the gentleman with him?" I asked, eagerly.

"His Majesty the Czar, to be sure," answered the groom.

So this was Alexander, alternatively described as a cold-blooded conspirator against European peace, a madman, drunkard, and even a red-handed murderer!

If his unrelenting critics could have only seen him on that bright September day, in the arm of his young Prince Christian, starting for a walk through forest and fields!

THE AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIANS.

Was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with only one striking peculiarity about him, that of perfect self-possession, relieved by a pleasing expression of countenance. Manliness and strength of character were depicted in every line of his face, while his rather small eyes bespoke a kindly heart.

He was clad in a pepper-and-salt lounge suit, and wore a soft gray hat, turned down collar, small loosely bound tie, and red Russia-leather shoes. In his hand he carried a cane, apparently fresh from the bush, and finished off by unskilled hands.

With this he cut funny capers in the air as a sort of accompaniment to his nephew's description of some fencing exercises the young man attended in the early morning.

Then I learned from the conversation, overheard when the two passed my carriage, that I involuntarily followed the opinion of several other people lounging in the yard, and turning "right about face," the phrase goes, raised my hat.

Prince Christian, on seeing me, at once brought his hand—which is unusually large, by the way—to his helmet; but the Czar quizzed me from head to foot with a searching eye before he touched his hat. He did not appear overjoyed at meeting a stranger in what he considers his "Sans Souci."

THE CZAR AT HOME.

As I saw him in the narrow home circle, the Czar was the prototype of a paternalist, who liked nothing better than to assemble his loved ones around him for a joyful chat, a long walk, or a modest dinner-party. The only special distinction accorded

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## A NUDE COLOSSUS.

Twenty Years Without Clothes In All Climates.

It is in his youth he would die of consumption. He discarded his clothes and is now a giant of strength.

A hairy giant, who has been naked for twenty years, is lord of the Oakland estate. His wardrobe is a belt and a pair of cotton trunks. In his belt he carries a long dagger, and he carries a chamber in his warlike arms. He is the movements of all the ferocious, yachts, ships, schooners, and crafts of every sort that pass his way. This naked colossus is backed by the War Department of the United States. On the prow of his huge contrivance anchored in the channel he stands erect like a bronze statue of Ajax. He is tall and superbly proportioned, measuring 6 feet 3 inches and weighing 260 pounds. For twenty years he has braved the elements of the world without a shirt or coat to protect him. Who and what is this phenomenon? He is Capt. Edward A. Von Schmidt, and except upon passing occasions, when he has appeared in the streets of cities, he has gone almost naked.

STARK NAKED. A newspaper correspondent called upon him the other day. I response to a knock a voice rang out above the din of the machinery. "Come in," and the visitor entered. Before the giant with in easy reach were two knives and a rifle.

"Many people have wondered why you wear no clothes. Do you object to telling me why?" was the first question.

"Why, briefly, for my health." Then in answer to questions he went on for two hours reciting the details of a most singular career.

"Don't I ever feel cold?" he repeated. "Why, bless you, I have gone as you see me now for twenty years, in all kinds of climates in every part of the world. It is a mistake to think that it is natural to be naked only in the tropics. Hittell, in his history of California, calls attention to the effect of civilization upon the Indians. When the Spanish priests, after converting these natives to Christianity, began to

periodically against the wearing of the corset, decant on the evils of tight lacing and claim that female form divine ought not to be cramped in whalebone and the usual accompaniments, says a Paris letter. Apart, however, from the dictates of fashion the most maligned stays may sometimes serve a useful purpose, as the following story will show: The wife of a civil officer discovered in a drawer in her husband's study a certain document which had no connection with the affairs of state. On the contrary, it was rather a flighty missive, for indited in a feminine hand, it bade the gentleman in question to rendezvous on the morrow. The lady remembered that her husband had assented himself from the domestic hearth at the precise hour named in the note, and, boiling over with fury and indignation, she dashed her husband and man's and hurried off to the house of the writer, who was also a married woman. The above incident, it should be said, was a very intimate interchange, which had not the effect of calming the irate wife, who, whipping out a small dagger, struck two blows with all her might at the lady's breast. In each case, however, the dagger glanced off the corset, inflicting only trifling injuries. Loud screams brought the servants to the spot and soon the indignant wife, who, in the meantime had had a violent fit of hysteria, was being conducted in her own carriage to his office by the police commissary. Some hours afterwards she was set at liberty, and the story she had told was faxed had, with her husband, decided that no complaint should be lodged on account of the gossip to which the affair would inevitably have given rise. But for a waking attack, a five feet below, one's adventure would probably have terminated in a very tragic manner.

WELSH PROGRESS. Wales Putting Herself In Evidence—Cardiff Wants a Large Grant for Education. Little Wales is becoming very much in evidence. She is not only cutting corners of a figure politically in the affairs of the United Kingdom, but is branching out commercially and educationally. Cardiff, one of her most enterprising towns, is now demanding substantial recognition from the Government. It wants a building grant of \$300,000 for its university college. The request has caused some expressions of astonishment, but the Ministry are anxious to turn every trick in their power to secure the grant, and a liberal grant will doubtless be forthcoming.

Where Death Makes All Equal. There is still one place in France in which graves and funeral epitaphs are all unknown. According to Armand, this is the village of Boulogne-sur-Mer. The Alps in the Ardennes, near the town of Thionville, the village consists of some fifteen houses. Here the dead are not buried, but thrown into a bone-house. This is an old building covering a superficial area of three square metres, and roofed with slate. The door is open to all. The interior is quite empty, in the middle of the firmly trodden floor there is a broad board which one can lift with a walking stick. A five feet below, one sees bones and naked corpses. At a distance of about 30 metres from the building a spring, and its waters are regarded with suspicion.

Do you go into society at all?" he asked.

"Hardly," said he, as he looked his muscular arms and glared at a passing tug. "I have been so long away from the beach now that I should feel lost now, and besides my dress might not be recherche, don't you think?"

The telephone to construct, as the great feature of the Paris Exposition, in 1900, monster telegraph cable to show the inhabitants of the moon if there are any has been revived. M. Bischoffsheim is said to be willing to advance \$400,000 toward the cost.

## IT IS A CERTAIN DEATH.

Execution in an Electrical Chair Sure and Sudden.

Medical Controversy on the Possibility of Resuscitation Due to Ignorance of the Subject—Many Other Cases Where Resuscitation is Possible.

The question of resuscitation of criminals executed by electricity is thrown into the utmost confusion by the half-way knowledge, not to say the sheer ignorance, of the medical men and the electricians. The proposition of a Dr. Gibbons, of Syracuse, to operate on an executed criminal with some sort of an understanding that if he allows himself to be brought to life he shall be the subject of executive clemency, looks to the defeat of justice, and to that alone. It is entirely unnecessary for any purpose of science, and it proceeds upon nothing but the ignorance of the prompters of the scheme.

An experiment of the most remarkable character has been made in the case of a man of Pittsfield, Mass., who on Oct. 23 received through his arms and body the shock of a current of 4,600 volts, and upon being apparently killed was brought back to life in seven minutes by treatment for resuscitation similar to that which is used with one drowned.

WHAT A VICTIM EXPERIENCED.

The victim of this shock contradicted Nicholas Tesla's assertion of the horrible excruciating character of a severe shock, or rather, a killing shock. He says:

"For a brief instant there was a sensation as if I was being drawn downward by the arms and then everything became black. For seven minutes there was no sign of pulse beating, and there was every sign of death. Then slowly I began to regain consciousness and to become incoherent remarks about the accident. Half an hour afterward I could recall every incident before and after the seven minutes' interval, which was a total and painless blank. The accident occurred while I was sitting at my desk, and the remainder of the day I kept quiet, but on the following day I was around as usual. I have experienced no ill effects other than the scars from the burns, one of which went to the bone."

This exposes the ridiculous exaggeration of Mr. Tesla's assertion that the criminals who have been put to death by electricity "were so shocked that they died instantly, and the current cooked the blood," that "the current is thrust into the system with such power that it stops the flow of the blood and this stops the heart and stops its action," that "even if the man were to be resuscitated he would be partly, if not wholly, paralyzed," and that "the current would kill the power of the spine, while it would leave the mind as sound as ever."

THE POSSIBILITY OF RESUSCITATION.

But the possibility of resuscitation is no proof whatever of the unreality of the killing. It is from ignorance of what resuscitation means that it may be elected that the electricians and medical men argue that death by electricity is not real death. The fact is that the death by electricity most commonly occurs in the case of a man who is killed by a violent fit of hysteria, being conducted in her own carriage to his office by the police commissary. Some hours afterwards she was set at liberty, and the story she had told was faxed had, with her husband, decided that no complaint should be lodged on account of the gossip to which the affair would inevitably have given rise. But for a waking attack, a five feet below, one's adventure would probably have terminated in a very tragic manner.

HAZING AT COLLEGES. Few Brutal Incidents Have Been Reported This Fall. The fatal termination of a student's prank at a college in the United States, last year, the legal investigation that followed and the severe newspaper comments upon the act have had a marked influence upon college students, and few brutal hazing incidents have been reported from the colleges at the opening of the fall term this year. Unusually attention has been given to the subject in the address of several college presidents, and in some instances the students have been required to cooperate with university authorities in keeping the record of their institutions clear of the charge of hazing brutalities. A large margin must be allowed for the elimination of youthful spirits and much must be excused in the conduct of young men who congregate by hundreds in our colleges and universities, but a sufficient outlet for the restless disposition of students can be found in the athletic contests and games of the period, which should be encouraged within proper limitations. The authorities of our colleges, as a rule, exercise little control over the students outside of the regular course of study, and it is no longer held, as it once was, that the leading actors in the drama, and his conduct is permitted to be directed largely by himself. Such responsibility, in many instances, devolves upon the student body, and it is the duty of the college authorities to enforce discipline for the student's good and to see that the law is not violated. The law must be taught that the general laws of the community apply to them. The legal investigation of the case mentioned above is a warning to college officials all over the country, and was a much more powerful agency for the reformation of college manners than the trial of the case by University authorities.

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## PERSONAL POINTERS.

A Millionaire in Turin Paid Prof. Kusmaul, of Strasbourg, \$50,000 for a Consultation.

The Princess of Wales is said to be the owner of a beautiful pair of opera glasses of platinum set with rubies, sapphires, and turquoise that is valued at \$2,000.

Countess Giannotti, who is mentioned as one of the favorites among the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen of Italy, is an American, daughter of a cigarette maker of Newark, N. J.

Alexandre Dumas has sent to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, and to each member of her company who has taken part in "La Reine" a volume of the work, inscribed with his compliments and his autograph.

Sir John Cornhill, a distinguished English statesman, who died recently, was such an old and tried personal friend of the Queen of England that she was more than pleased when he familiarly called her "John."

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, proposes to take a rest of two weeks at Lakewood, N. J. He will then resume active work in connection with the Society for the Prevention of Crime and the City Higher League, both of which organizations he is president.

Rev. John Henry Pooley, honorary canon of Lincoln (Eng.) who recently celebrated his 92nd birthday, was ordained deacon in 1827 and priest in the succeeding year. He has been rector of St. Andrew's in London since 1883, and has been a magistrate in his county 55 years.

Not long ago a London preacher indulged in a little bit of sarcasm over a small collection. He did so nearly every time in his sermon on the following Sunday. "Brethren," he said "our collection last Sunday was a very small one. When I look at this congregation I say to myself, 'Where are the men?' But I looked at the collection when we counted it, I exclaimed, 'Where are the men?'"

Mrs. Abbie A. Bremley died Friday at Middletown, N. Y., aged 70 years. For twenty years before the death of her husband, August 24, 1888, she never left the house, never admitted a caller, kept no servant, never opened the front door or a front window, and also as is known never spoke to a human being. She attended her husband's funeral, saw a lawyer in regard to the settlement of his estate, and then dropped back into her old life, and so continued till the day of her death.

Rev. Dr. Hole, the dean of Rochester cathedral, England, has been interviewed in New York on the subject of horseracing, and declares himself a decided lover of the turf, but is not in favor of racing as it is now conducted in England, or anywhere where it has become a "mere money-making institution, degraded by charlatans and rascals." The Duke of Portland, the greatest racer of horses in the United Kingdom, is of the same opinion.

Lord Rosebery's great bid—aside from horseracing—is collecting bric-a-brac connected with Napoleon the Great, whom he calls "the Genius of War." Probably his most valued possession of this nature is a sword which belonged to Napoleon. Lord Rosebery also has portraits of Pitt whose biography he wrote, Fox, and Bismarck, of whom he is an admirer. A fine portrait of Lord Rosebery by Millais hangs in one of the walls of Dalmeny, his Scotch estate.

The Rev. Dr. James S. Stane, rector of Grace Episcopal church, Philadelphia, has just been called to the rectorship of St. James, church, Chicago. Dr. Stane is of English and, after being graduated from Oxford University, he was rector of St. Philip's church, Toronto, and St. Martin's church, Montreal. About four years ago he became rector of Grace church, Philadelphia, and now ranks as one of the most brilliant and scholarly preachers in the Episcopal Church. He is a moderate Low Churchman. St. James church, Chicago, is one of the most influential Episcopal churches in the West.

Value of Royal Crowns. Royal crowns are an expensive luxury. One of the most costly crowns in existence is that of the King of Portugal. The jewels which ornament it are valued at \$500,000. The crown which the Czar of Russia wears on special occasions is also one of the most precious in the world. The cross which surmounts the crown is composed of five magnificent diamonds resting on a large but polished ruby. The small crown of the Czarina contains, according to authorities, the finest stones ever strung. The crown of the Queen of England, which is valued at \$1,800,000, contains the greatest large sapphire, sixteen small sapphires, eight emeralds, four small rubies, 1,300 brilliants, 1,273 rose diamonds, four pear-shaped pearls, and 269 other shapes. The Sultan of Johore wears diamonds worth \$12,000,000. His collar, his epaulettes, his girdle, and his cuffs sparkle with the precious stones. His bracelets are of massive gold, and his fingers are encircled with rings which are almost priceless. The handle and the blade of his sword are covered with precious stones.

The most costly insignia of princely dignity, however, are those of the Sultan, or Maharajah, of Barots, in India. The chief ornament is a necklace of five strings containing 500 diamonds, some of which are as large as the palm of the hand. The upper and lower rows consist of emeralds of the same size.

Locating Water by Electricity. An Australian scientist, according to a German technical paper, is said to have located 300 sources of water in all parts of the world, with but twelve failures, by means of electric apparatus, somewhat indistinctly described, but apparently consisting of platinum chains and balls worn on the body, one end of the platinum chain terminating on the finger, another connection being with a platinum plate on the foot. The teacher holds a magnet and a watch. In walking over a place where there is water in the ground one of the balls "becomes active" and follows the water course, indicating also the depth. The scientist while he also may be called a fortune teller, "locates" his work.

Her eyes are lanes of silent prayer.—Troyton.

## YOUNG FOLKS.

A Scharp Poy.

Several years ago a man by the name of Daniel Morse lived on a farm in H— county, Ohio. Mr. Morse was a good farmer, and though he had but fifty acres of land, laid up some money every year. Much of his success was due to his son Henry, a stout, active, intelligent boy of sixteen. On one corner of the farm there was a little log house occupied by Christian Brinker, a German. He was known all through that section as "Chris." He was a lively, witty, good-natured man, working here and there, wherever he could get a job. He assisted Mr. Morse a good deal, in this way paying for the rent of his house, garden, pasture for a cow, and firewood.

One year frost killed nearly all the apples in that section of country. Mr. Morse's orchard stood in a "corner" field, with bare woods on two sides of it, and it escaped the general stripping of nearly all other orchards around were nearly bare of fruit, this one had a very good crop. It was a good orchard, most of the trees being grafted fruit. Apples were selling at fifty cents a bushel. I said Chris, "I don't know where there were any apples in this neighborhood. Let's go and see what's been done." They went to the orchard and found it as Chris had reported. A fine Scharp tree had been stripped of nearly half its fruit. The apples had evidently been picked, too, not shaken, as marks of a ladder were plainly seen.

"The thief must have taken five or six bushels," said Mr. Morse. "He is a bold one. We will have to watch for him. This apple crop is my mainstay this year and I can't afford to have it stolen this way."

"I'll watch him tonight," said Chris. "I'll bring mine shotgun and I bet me I'll pepper him."

"We don't want any shooting. Chris, but you may watch till midnight. I think, likely any one will come after that time."

Chris was not at all rather reluctantly. He was a good half an hour and returned with the ladder, all prepared.

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## PERSONAL POINTERS.

A Millionaire in Turin Paid Prof. Kusmaul, of Strasbourg, \$50,000 for a Consultation.

The Princess of Wales is said to be the owner of a beautiful pair of opera glasses of platinum set with rubies, sapphires, and turquoise that is valued at \$2,000.

Countess Giannotti, who is mentioned as one of the favorites among the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen of Italy, is an American, daughter of a cigarette maker of Newark, N. J.

Alexandre Dumas has sent to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, and to each member of her company who has taken part in "La Reine" a volume of the work, inscribed with his compliments and his autograph.

Sir John Cornhill, a distinguished English statesman, who died recently, was such an old and tried personal friend of the Queen of England that she was more than pleased when he familiarly called her "John."

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, proposes to take a rest of two weeks at Lakewood, N. J. He will then resume active work in connection with the Society for the Prevention of Crime and the City Higher League, both of which organizations he is president.

Rev. John Henry Pooley, honorary canon of Lincoln (Eng.) who recently celebrated his 92nd birthday, was ordained deacon in 1827 and priest in the succeeding year. He has been rector of St. Andrew's in London since 1883, and has been a magistrate in his county 55 years.

Not long ago a London preacher indulged in a little bit of sarcasm over a small collection. He did so nearly every time in his sermon on the following Sunday. "Brethren," he said "our collection last Sunday was a very small one. When I look at this congregation I say to myself, 'Where are the men?' But I looked at the collection when we counted it, I exclaimed, 'Where are the men?'"

Mrs. Abbie A. Bremley died Friday at Middletown, N. Y., aged 70 years. For twenty years before the death of her husband, August 24, 1888, she never left the house, never admitted a caller, kept no servant, never opened the front door or a front window, and also as is known never spoke to a human being. She attended her husband's funeral, saw a lawyer in regard to the settlement of his estate, and then dropped back into her old life, and so continued till the day of her death.

Rev. Dr. Hole, the dean of Rochester cathedral, England, has been interviewed in New York on the subject of horseracing, and declares himself a decided lover of the turf, but is not in favor of racing as it is now conducted in England, or anywhere where it has become a "mere money-making institution, degraded by charlatans and rascals." The Duke of Portland, the greatest racer of horses in the United Kingdom, is of the same opinion.

Lord Rosebery's great bid—aside from horseracing—is collecting bric-a-brac connected with Napoleon the Great, whom he calls "the Genius of War." Probably his most valued possession of this nature is a sword which belonged to Napoleon. Lord Rosebery also has portraits of Pitt whose biography he wrote, Fox, and Bismarck, of whom he is an admirer. A fine portrait of Lord Rosebery by Millais hangs in one of the walls of Dalmeny, his Scotch estate.

The Rev. Dr. James S. Stane, rector of Grace Episcopal church, Philadelphia, has just been called to the rectorship of St. James, church, Chicago. Dr. Stane is of English and, after being graduated from Oxford University, he was rector of St. Philip's church, Toronto, and St. Martin's church, Montreal. About four years ago he became rector of Grace church, Philadelphia, and now ranks as one of the most brilliant and scholarly preachers in the Episcopal Church. He is a moderate Low Churchman. St. James church, Chicago, is one of the most influential Episcopal churches in the West.

Value of Royal Crowns. Royal crowns are an expensive luxury. One of the most costly crowns in existence is that of the King of Portugal. The jewels which ornament it are valued at \$500,000. The crown which the Czar of Russia wears on special occasions is also one of the most precious in the world. The cross which surmounts the crown is composed of five magnificent diamonds resting on a large but polished ruby. The small crown of the Czarina contains, according to authorities, the finest stones ever strung. The crown of the Queen of England, which is valued at \$1,800,000, contains the greatest large sapphire, sixteen small sapphires, eight emeralds, four small rubies, 1,300 brilliants, 1,273 rose diamonds, four pear-shaped pearls, and 269 other shapes. The Sultan of Johore wears diamonds worth \$12,000,000. His collar, his epaulettes, his girdle, and his cuffs sparkle with the precious stones. His bracelets are of massive gold, and his fingers are encircled with rings which are almost priceless. The handle and the blade of his sword are covered with precious stones.

The most costly insignia of princely dignity, however, are those of the Sultan, or Maharajah, of Barots, in India. The chief ornament is a necklace of five strings containing 500 diamonds, some of which are as large as the palm of the hand. The upper and lower rows consist of emeralds of the same size.

Locating Water by Electricity. An Australian scientist, according to a German technical paper, is said to have located 300 sources of water in all parts of the world, with but twelve failures, by means of electric apparatus, somewhat indistinctly described, but apparently consisting of platinum chains and balls worn on the body, one end of the platinum chain terminating on the finger, another connection being with a platinum plate on the foot. The teacher holds a magnet and a watch. In walking over a place where there is water in the ground one of the balls "becomes active" and follows the water course, indicating also the depth. The scientist while he also may be called a fortune teller, "locates" his work.

Her eyes are lanes of silent prayer.—Troyton.

## YOUNG FOLKS.

A Scharp Poy.

Several years ago a man by the name of Daniel Morse lived on a farm in H— county, Ohio. Mr. Morse was a good farmer, and though he had but fifty acres of land, laid up some money every year. Much of his success was due to his son Henry, a stout, active, intelligent boy of sixteen. On one corner of the farm there was a little log house occupied by Christian Brinker, a German. He was known all through that section as "Chris." He was a lively, witty, good-natured man, working here and there, wherever he could get a job. He assisted Mr. Morse a good deal, in this way paying for the rent of his house, garden, pasture for a cow, and firewood.

One year frost killed nearly all the apples in that section of country. Mr. Morse's orchard stood in a "corner" field, with bare woods on two sides of it, and it escaped the general stripping of nearly all other orchards around were nearly bare of fruit, this one had a very good crop. It was a good orchard, most of the trees being grafted fruit. Apples were selling at fifty cents a bushel. I said Chris, "I don't know where there were any apples in this neighborhood. Let's go and see what's been done." They went to the orchard and found it as Chris had reported. A fine Scharp tree had been stripped of nearly half its fruit. The apples had evidently been picked, too, not shaken, as marks of a ladder were plainly seen.

"The thief must have taken five or six bushels," said Mr. Morse. "He is a bold one. We will have to watch for him. This apple crop is my mainstay this year and I can't afford to have it stolen this way."

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# THE TIMES

Published Every Friday.  
Grayson Block, Main Street.  
Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

WALTER SCOTT, Editor and Proprietor.  
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The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is writ, is writ—  
Would it were worthier!" — Byron.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1895.

## OUR YOUNG HOPEFULS.

It is a fact not often commented upon, doubtless because the reality is so entirely unquestionable, that the proportion of children in the population of Territorial towns is greatly in excess of the proportion of minors in any community of Eastern Canada or of older countries. Several reasons may be advanced to explain this pleasing condition. Our adult population being, it may be said, constituted wholly of immigrants,—of people possessing brain and muscle in normal condition, requisite to inspire them with confidence in an inherent ability to successfully combat the trials and vicissitudes of life in a new land,—of the choicest intellectual and physical specimens of manhood and womanhood that the older provinces and the countries of Europe reared,—it is a reasonable supposition that our people are themselves more prolific than the weaker brothers and sisters who remain on the old homesteads. To prove this proposition, however, no statistics are available.

But that more of our children escape the fatal dangers of babyhood, incident to existence in the cradle, can easily be proven by public records. The death rate of infants in the North-West is practically nil. Probably ninety-seven of every hundred children born in this country attain to school age; as the country is not more than fourteen years old, as it were, the children have not yet passed school age, but by the time the twentieth century dawns upon the world, there will be launched forth upon the commercial, industrial and agricultural ocean of industry covering these broad prairies, a new and vigorous crew of willing workers, who by birth, education, sympathy and hopefulness will be essentially and entirely North-Western, and whose advent will mark the commencement of an epoch of amazing progress, just as sure as the sun continues to shine in the heavens by day and the moon by night.

Fanciful dream, do you say? Not a bit of it. Simply a case of repetition of history. The experience of the settlement and progress of every province of the Dominion of Canada, and every State of the American Union, as well as the colonies in Australia, teaches that the dream will be fully realized. In all new countries the first pioneers only sowed the seed for the success and prosperity that was reaped in full measure by the first and second generation of children born in the new land. In every new settlement it remained for the children, born amid and inured to the hardships and adversities of pioneer existence, and actuated by the courage inherited from their parents, while possessing the leverage of valuable experience and being freed from the vague but unceasing yearning and regret for the old home left in the east, to triumphantly overcome and dispel the drawbacks and obstacles which beset all early pioneers.

The pessimistic prognosticators who imagine that centuries must elapse ere the Canadian North-West can become adequately peopled, surely fail to take into account the immense natural increase that is fast filling our towns and our settlers' homes. In this little town of Moose Jaw, the population of which cannot exceed fifteen hundred souls, it is said that in one year there were one hundred children born,—a natural yearly increase of 6.66 per cent. Say that the population of the Territories is 100,000; one year's increase at Moose Jaw's rate will mean an addition of 6,666 souls. Just figure out on the principle of compounding interest, what the actual increase of twenty-five years would mean.

There is one phase of this natural increase question that is at the present moment causing some embarrassment to school district taxpayers in incorporated towns—and it is ever to present conditions that our best attention must needs be directed. All these children must be educated, and although the Territorial government pays from 60 to 75 per cent. of teachers' salaries, yet it is found that the cost of paying the remaining 25 to 40 per cent. of the salaries and of maintaining school accommodations, is an excessive burden upon the taxpayers.

In 1894 in Moose Jaw the rate of taxation was two cents on the dollar. No argument is needed to prove that two cents is an excessive rate. Of the twenty mills levied last year, 12½ mills were required for the maintenance of schools. Even now our school accommodation is insufficient. More room and at least one more teacher is urgently needed. To secure them, under present conditions, the rate of taxation must be raised above 20 mills. Is there no alternative? There is. Were all the property within the corporation that should rightly be assessed, levied upon for taxes, Moose Jaw could afford ample accommodation for the education of the rising population, and have money in hand to apply upon permanent improvements, without bearing the burden of a twenty mills yearly rate. When the Townsite Trustees are compelled to pay their rightful proportion of taxes at a rate of 14 or 15 mills will be sufficient to keep running the wheels of our municipal machine.

## AMYSTERY EXPLAINED.

The occasion of Mr. Davin's visit to Moose Jaw two weeks ago, was a matter of some mystery to the people of the town, to whom a mere social visit from that distinguished man is not of frequent occurrence. Usually when Mr. Davin comes up here, he leaves a message or a token for public perusal or remembrance. Upon the last occasion however, no public utterance escaped him, and he was closeted with a chosen seven, time seemed to hang heavily on his hands. Last week's "Leader" solves the mystery. In it appears the following skit:

"The way Ross has gone on about them Relief Works and Funds deserves to be exposed. But his achievement with the cheques beats Bannaher. Instead of allowing them to come by post he brings up 400 letters himself, to place us under obligation as it were. This was an improper proceeding. Look at the pull it gave him on anyone that owed him but I am informed that it is an offence against the law and that he is liable to a fine of twenty dollars (\$20) a letter under the Laws and Regulations. However, I don't care about that. It is the dodge. No wonder he beat Bannaher if he had advantages of this kind. We all wish Jim would give up his dodge and act on the square. This was not fair to the people, to the Government, or to Annable."

A veritable mare's nest! Surely Mr. Davin has grown doubtful about those farmers of Davin district, whom Mr. Ross lately assisted to organize a Tariff Reform Association—presumably to support Mr. Davin, the leader of Tariff Reform. Has he discovered that they are just "that kind of people."

"The way Ross has gone on about them Relief Works?" The grammar will not disguise you, Mr. Davin. "His achievement with the cheques may beat Bannaher,"—whoever she may be,—but it did not beat the wishes of the people of the district, whose only grievance was that Mr. Ross did not succeed in stirring up the Executive and securing the cheques quicker than he did. Every one of "us" was perfectly willing to be placed under an obligation to Mr. Ross before the arrival of the cheques. In some quarters it was placed to his fault that there was any delay; Mr. Ross did not interfere in regard to the cheques without request,—a request by the settlers to get them, and eventually a request by the Executive to convey them to Moose Jaw.

"Look at the pull it give him!" Those who know Mr. Ross will appreciate the humor of it. Imagine him, if you can, taking a pull on anyone for money. Mr. Davin is himself credited with a considerable carelessness about his own purse, but he cannot hold a candle to Mr. Ross where indifference to monied interests is concerned.

What troubles Mr. Davin is that Mr. Ross persists in acting on the square; the handle of a dodge has never been discovered about his person or his actions. If Mr. Davin

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## R. BOGUE.

has a devout wish, it is that Mr. Ross might be discovered working a dodge, which would lower the high estimate that his constituents have placed upon him.

"Unfair to the people to the Government and to Annable!" Ye gods! Pity the poor people, the poor Government and poor Annable! Shackle the shark that is preying upon them! But, might we ask, "Where or how does Annable come to cut the figure of a martyr in this business?" Didn't you know, Mr. Davin, that by inferring that he belonged to the "faithful," you helped to hang Annable's pants upon the famous weeping willow just three months ago? There they still hang. Whoever else may be involved in unfairness, Annable isn't in it,—and never will be.

## OUR WINTER.

It is questionable if the vivifying qualities of our Canadian winter air are at all adequately appreciated by those who breathe it winter after winter. Southerners who come to us, speak of the fairness of life that they feel after a long walk or drive on a bright, cold winter day. The keenness of the air invites to exercise; and to the man who is properly dressed, the walking is a waking up of the whole system. The blood is soon flowing so vigorously through the veins that the cold ceases to be felt, except in the character of a stimulant applied outwardly. Meantime the air is feeding the blood through the lungs in a manner to make one think that it consciously supplies the means of performing the prodigies of exertion that it calls for.

All this is certainly productive of health. A man is healthy—other things being equal—in proportion as he is able to resist disease, endure fatigue and stand the wear and tear of life generally. This strength of body is only to be gained by persistent exercise under healthful conditions; and while a hot climate does not forbid exercise, it does not encourage it as does the cold of a Canadian winter. The muscles of an athlete will heal more rapidly from a hurt than will those of an untrained man; and on the same principle, the Canadian should throw off all the ills that flesh is heir to much more easily than the child of the languid South. It was once thought that the severe Northern climate was productive of consumption and similar lung diseases, but they are now coming north to the Adirondacks in mid-winter to find a cure in the dry, cold air for these diseases.

The Canadian who goes to meet his winter out of doors—who exercises freely in the bracing open air—will find it to be as good an ally against disease as he could have.—Star.

## A FAITHFUL PORTRAYAL.

He produced a piece of buggy trace and hitched it onto the kitchen door. Then he spat on both hands, opened his mouth wide, ran out his tongue, braced himself on the floor and began to stomp his "razzer." Every now and then he would stop, pluck a hair out of his bushy head and try the edge or else make a trial trip on his hairy arm. The weapon having been prepared to his satisfaction, a tin cup and a brush were unrolled from the remains of an old shirt and Bill lathered himself. Literally speaking, he lathered himself—his jaws, his nose, his eyes, his neck, his knees, his boots and part of the

kitchen floor. Then he hung a small mirror on the door, sat down astride of a chair, spat on his hands, grabbed his razor and proceeded to business. It was a tremendous operation. His motions would have made any contortionist green with envy. When he was shaving the right side of his face he twisted his mouth round to his left ear, lifted up his left leg and glared across his nose at himself in the glass with a most villainous expression, and all the time he breathed heavily through his nose. Now and then he would get up to wet his razor, and when he cut himself, as he did frequently, he would turn round and glare savagely at Old Twilight with as much as to say, "Who juggled the floor?" At last the execution was over, the body was cut down and washed in the rain trough, dressed in its Sunday clothes, and there it sat in the kitchen with its hair nicely combed when Cynthia Ann popped in. She looked prettier than usual that night and she noted Big Bill's clean shave and Sunday suit with unalloyed pleasure.

"The man who is careful, considerate and moderate in the exercise of all his faculties, whether animal or intellectual, is one who will last longer than the man who over-indulges in any one of the numerous things which go to make up life. The man who break down and die prematurely are usually those who have not lived temperately."

"In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution. To be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent; to be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day to another, till he is starved and destroyed."

"Outing" for February will contain an interesting article by H. J. Woodside, of Portage la Prairie, on "Curling in the North-West," of which THE TIMES has been favored with advance sheets. The article is exquisitely illustrated with photo-engravings of many of the crack curling rinks in Manitoba, Minnesota and the Northwest Territories, and the subject has been handled practically and entertainingly by Mr. Woodside.

We give in full this week a resolution passed by the County Lodge of Patrons of Industry in reference to prairie fires. That they occur annually is well known to every settler and the loss sustained in the destruction of hay and pasture is a serious matter. Whether the climate is effected with these fires is a matter of opinion and in the absence of scientific investigation nothing definite can be stated. If for no more than the destruction of feed these fires should be fought and if possible prevented. The settlers of the Territories have experienced their effects and the Government should give ear to their appeals.

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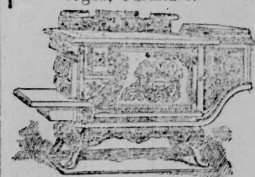
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Services—Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; Y.P.S.C.E. at 8 p.m.; Thursday, Prayer Meeting, 7:30. Everybody welcome.

**METHODIST CHURCH.**  
Pastor—Rev. F. B. Stacey, B.A.  
Weekly Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; E. L. of C. E. Monday evening at 8 p.m.; Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.  
The public are cordially invited. All seats free.

**CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.**  
Clergy—Rev. T. W. Conlin, Rev. Wm. Watson.  
Services—Holy Eucharist fortnightly and on festivals and Sunday days; Matins every Sunday at 11 o'clock; Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30; Evening every Sunday at 7; Special Evening and choir practice every Friday at 7:30.  
All seats free and unappropriated.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

[The Times does not hold itself responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents. Communications written on both sides of the paper are promptly committed to the waste basket. The name of the correspondent must in all cases accompany the letter, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.]

### Prohibition.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.  
Sir,—Prohibition is again prominent before the public—in the east, because the Supreme Court has ruled that provinces have no power to prohibit; and in Manitoba and the North-West because the Patrons of Industry have added this plank to their platform. In the east local option has been tried with varying success, generally ending in dissatisfaction. Prohibitionists so far have not submitted a scheme that meets public favor for prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor. They are in a predicament, and the question might be asked, are all prohibitionists temperate? Do they really understand the term they have chosen for a battle cry and the work required to accomplish such a change? It is certainly the top rung of the ladder and the experienced men with prohibitionists the past few years must assure them that it cannot be reached by a flight through space. Is there any auxiliary to this cause in fact it becomes a hobby. While the earnest temperance workers are pushing for prohibition would it not be advisable to turn some of their energy toward restricting the sale of liquor? This would not injure the chance of ultimate prohibition and we are strongly of the opinion the sooner the temperance people begin work on this line the sooner this question will be solved. It is a large question, one which the United States must handle with Canada, or we would be in the position of a Soft Act county providing we had prohibition here and fine liquor in the States.

There are different systems in vogue for restricting the sale of liquor, principal among them the Gothenburg system which appears to receive the support of reformers who are viewing this matter from a practical standpoint and endeavoring to curtail its use. This system is state controlled, the companies being chartered for the purpose of handling liquor and subject to a fixed rate of interest, the surplus profit if any going to works of public utility. To encourage the use of non-intoxicating drinks a special commission is allowed on their sale. Then the high licence. Residents of the North-West in permit or prohibition days are aware that large quantities of liquor was handled and drunk. The law was openly violated and convictions almost impossible. Since the high licence came into force the number of places where liquor is sold has been reduced to the actual number of places licensed. The sale has certainly been restricted. Now these are steps towards prohibition.

The majority with which this plank was placed in the Patron platform is too narrow to stand and shows plainly that the temperance element have forced the issue regardless of consequences.

While people are unanimous for the restriction of the liquor traffic, they are not so for prohibition. Had a resolution restricting the sale of liquor with the ultimate object of prohibition been submitted to the Patron convention, in lieu of straight prohibition, instead of being opposed by sixty-two delegates it would have undoubtedly passed unanimously.

Yours for  
TEMPERANCE.  
Moose Jaw, Jan. 26th, 1895.

A Boon to Horsemen.—One bottle of Eng. Lish Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal of horses of hard, soft or calloused humps, blood spavins, splints, curbs, swellings, stiles and sprains. **GEORGE ROBB, Farmer,** Markham, Ont. Sold by W. W. Bole.

## BITS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

### The Inquisitive Boy Has Again Broken Loose.

Say, Pa, who is that florid looking man with the auburn mustache that peeps through the little window in the brick house?

That, my son, is the natural Gass of Moose Jaw, our obliging post master.

Well, Pa, who is the handsome man with dark mustache whom we met coming out of the drug store?

That, my boy, is our eminent and renowned medicine man, Dr. Turnbull; also he is a trainer of setters.

I say, Pa, well then who is that distinguished looking gentleman with florid face and grey hair?

That, my son, is Mr. James H. Ross, ex-speaker of the House of Assembly, an honor to the Moose Jaw District, a pride to Assiniboia, and one of nature's noblemen.

Pa, who is the flax-haired distinguished, dapper looking gentleman just coming out of the bank, who steps so long?

That, my son, is our banker, Mr. Hitchcock, friend of the poor and needy.

Is he your friend, Pa?

No, my son, he has too often cheated my wares.

Oh, Pa, who is that short, stout gentleman with the big white apron, that is always treading the floor?

That, my son, is our renowned butcher, and he also looks of stalling a ladies' base ball team, he having given private instructions in the game last summer.

## A REAL RIP VAN WINKLE

Has Turned Up in North Tilbury, and His Name is Jenn Baptiste Chaviv.

On January 1, 1894, as most people will remember, a post-mortem was taken in the province of Manitoba in order to learn the sentiment of the people upon the question of prohibition. Very speedily afterwards the official returns commenced to be received by the Clerk of the Legislature, Lieut. Col. Clarke, from the various municipalities, and they were in such a shape as to permit of their being printed and distributed in the form of a return during the last session of the Legislature. But the return contained one important omission; it did not show how the electors of North Tilbury had voted. For all that was known officially, North Tilbury had treated the plebiscite with about contempt. This, however, must have been a mistake, for a few days ago the long sought-for statement came to hand, signed by the Clerk of the municipality, Jenn Baptiste Chaviv. Mr. Chaviv did not seem any explanation of the vote on his part in not telling North Tilbury's verdict to the electors. It is presumed, however, that he must have been indulging in some hard thinking since last January 12 months, or that, like Rip Van Winkle, he has just awakened from slumber. Up at the Legislative buildings the receipt of the document caused more amazement than would the announcement of Mr. James Connors' appointment to a position in the Cabinet. There is now a feeling of relief at the fact that the agony is over and it is officially known that the balloting in Tilbury North was 99 for to 238 against the plebiscite.

### Canada's Nickel.

It is predicted by a writer in the London Economist that Canada will eventually control the ship-building industry, and this from a remarkable fact of only recent realization. It is now practically proved, he argues, that steel mixed with from three to four per cent. of nickel is double the strength of ordinary steel, and as it does not corrode or take on barnacles ships constructed with it will possess the great advantage of never requiring to be scraped. Moreover, as ships of nickel-steel may safely be built much lighter than ordinary steel ships, their engine power and consumption of coal may be safely reduced without diminution of speed. In short, according to this writer, such steel seems bound to supersede the ordinary article, and probably also all other materials in present use in ship construction, and this being the case the nation which is in a position to produce this metal must necessarily control the ship building industry. For the present, at least, there is no considerable supply of nickel outside of Canada, which in fact possesses nickeliferous pyrites without limit, the entire belt region, extending from Lake Superior to Labrador being rich in it. It is remarkable indeed, but it is declared by experts that the Dominion can supply a million tons of the pure metal annually, if necessary, for an indefinite period.—*Sudbury News.*

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It moves at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

## A JOINT MEETING.

Patrons and Agriculturalists Pass a Resolution Applying for Seed Grain.

A joint committee appointed by the agricultural society and Patrons of Industry met in the office of Mr. H. McDougall and passed the following resolution re seed grain and potatoes, copies of which are to be forwarded to N. F. Davin, Hon. T. M. Daly, Minister of Interior, Premier Bowell and one to the North-West Executive, Regina:

The memorial of the undersigned on behalf of the Moose Jaw Agricultural Society and Patrons of Industry and the whole agricultural community of the said district humbly sheweth:—

That throughout this district taken as a whole the return of grain for the last year did not equal more than one-half the seed sown, the fallowed land failing to return a yield equal with the land not fallowed.

That following the failure in the crop of 1893 which was so great that we were forced to ask and did obtain from the Dominion Government seed grain for nearly all the settlers in the district for 1895 we are, from causes beyond our control, viz., protracted fire, excessive heat resulting in a rain and great drought unable to purchase seed to sow next spring.

That we are deeply sensible of the great favor shown us by the Dominion Government in granting seed last year and that nothing short of most pressing necessity would induce us to ask for seed for the spring of 1895.

That said pressing necessity does undoubtedly exist and we are face to face with the alternative, either to get seed from the Government for next spring or have our lands unsown notwithstanding the fact that a greater acreage than formerly is in first class condition for crop.

That the latter alternative presupposes a state of things next winter that we should be compelled to, and we therefore most earnestly ask for seed grain and potatoes for 1895.

Signed on behalf of the joint committee of A.S. and P. of I.  
H. D. BELL,  
Pres. A. S.  
JAS. McCLELLAND,  
Pres. P. of I.

### Skinned the Doctor Alive.

A Scotch missionary named Young, writing from Tien Tsin, mentions the fact that the Red Cross Society's steamer went to Port Arthur after the capture of that place by the Japanese in November last with surgeons and others, including the American consul, intending to bring 1,000 Chinese wounded from Port Arthur to Tien Tsin. But, Mr. Young adds, the Japanese commanding general, after two days' delay, refused to allow the wounded to be removed, declaring that they would be treated in the Japanese hospitals. The Japanese commander also ordered the Red Cross Society's steamer to leave Port Arthur. Finally, Mr. Young says that they learned before leaving Port Arthur that the Chinese, previous to the fighting which resulted in the capture of that place, burst into the hospital, killed all their wounded and skinned the doctor alive.

### What the Mule Said.

A civil engineer tells this story: While overhauling a gang of men who, with mule teams, were hauling loads of dirt, a friend of mine—a ventriloquist—came up and stood by my side, watching the men at work.

Presently a mule, driven by a large, red-headed and fiery tempered Irishman, balked when right in front of where my friend and I were standing. The Irishman soon lost his temper, and began to belabor the animal with his whip. Every now and then the mule would turn his head and look reproachfully at the angry Irishman, but still refused to budge.

"Now just watch the Irishman," the ventriloquist whispered in my ear. At that moment Pat, losing all patience, gave the animal a tremendous kick in the ribs with his heavy boot. The mule turned his head, and looking at the Irishman in the face opened his mouth—

"Don't you do that again!" The voice sounded as though it came direct from between the mule's parted lips. The whip dropped from the Irishman's hand. For a moment he stared at the mule, and then, without uttering a word, he whirled about and trotted down the street as fast as his two legs could take him.—*New York Herald.*



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## JNO. BELLAMY.

AN EMINENT MINISTER

## REV. W. S. BARKER

OF PETERBORO.



Mr. W. S. Barker is a young minister of Peterboro who has by his great earnestness and able exposition of the doctrines of the Bible earned for himself a place amongst the foremost ministers of Canada. He, with his most estimable wife, believe in looking after the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of mankind, hence the following statement for publication:

"I have much pleasure in recommending the Great South American Nerve Tonic to all who are afflicted as I have been with nervous prostration and indigestion. I found very great relief from the very first bottle, which was strongly recommended to me by my druggist. I also induced my wife to use it, who, I must say, was completely run down and was suffering very much from general debility. She found great relief from South American Nerve and also cheerfully recommends it to her fellow-sufferers."

"REV. W. S. BARKER."

It is now a scientific fact that certain nerve centres located near the base of the brain have entire control over the stomach, liver, heart, lungs and indeed all internal organs. If I do not think there has ever been a medicine introduced into this country, which will at all compare with this as a cure for the stomach and nerves."

Mr. Solomon Bond, a member of the Society of Friends, of Darlington, Ind., writes: "I have used six bottles of South American Nerve and I consider that every bottle did for me one hundred dollars worth of good, because I have not had a good night's sleep for twenty years on account of irritation, pain, horrible dreams, and general nervous prostration, which has been caused by chronic indigestion and dyspepsia of the stomach, and by a broken down condition of my nervous system. But now I can lie down and sleep all night as sweetly as a baby, and I feel like a sound man. I do not think there has ever been a medicine introduced into this country, which will at all compare with this as a cure for the stomach and nerves."

For Sale by **W. W. BOLE,**

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.



## PLACICAL FARMING.

### Workbench and Tool Closet.

The ordinary workbench is too often a litter of tools, shavings, bits of wood, nails, screws, and other articles, affording no little inconvenience whenever it is desired to use the bench. Tools are thus frequently lost, and many of them made dull by contact with each other, and with nails and other hard substances. There is frequent rusting also when the weather becomes damp. A plan is shown in the illustration



A HANDY TOOL CLOSET.

by which the tools may be kept each in a safe place, and yet conveniently at hand when one is wanted. Nails and screws should be kept in boxes with apartments for the various sizes, and these boxes may also find a place in the closet at the head of the bench, or, if desired, a drawer for nails, screws, etc., may be made below the bench.

### Winter Dairying.

Ten years ago winter dairying was comparatively rare, writes E. E. Rockwood. At that time the majority of farmer's cows went dry in winter and "came in" in spring. We all know how that works, even those of us who have abandoned the practice. We know that there is no profit in it. We know that to get the greatest yield and the highest price we must manage different from that. It necessitates more work in winter, but no good farmer minds that if he gets paid for it.

Our plan is rather different from special winter dairying, as we have a list of private families to supply by the year, and so make butter the year round, but even then there is demand for more in winter than in summer, as very many families are away from home more or less in summer.

It appears to me that no farmer who depends upon the open market for the sale of his butter can afford to follow the old plan of having his cows all calve in the spring. Butter made then is sold for much less than winter butter. Failure of pasture, combined with the natural shrinkage, causes the cows to dry up. It is very difficult for ordinary cows to keep up the flow of milk through the winter. On the other hand, if the cows calve in October or November they are in full flow of milk and doing their best at a time when butter is high and scarce. With a satisfaction then, to take the milk of golden butter to town where they will be in good demand and bring a good price.

It is a false idea some farmers have that it does not pay to feed grain to milk cows. The trouble is, these men do not feed enough to tell. Give a cow at least four quarts a day of bran and corn meal, and see if it does not pay. I know I will if the cows are stabled in warm quarters, except in pleasant weather. I mention only bran and corn meal, but circumstances may make a difference in the grain to be fed. We all know bran is unsurpassed as a milk producer, and so is corn meal as a butter producer. They make a good combination as a food for milk cows. In our dairy we now feed corn and bran exclusively, two parts (by bulk) of the former and one of the latter. After trials with almost every other recommended ration we have settled upon that as best for our purpose.

The chaffman has no business with a winter dairy. It is work that must be attended to. There can be no putting off till another time, but each day's work must begin at five o'clock at the barn, and promptness and regularity be the rule.

There has been a great change in the care which milk cows receive in winter during the last ten years. There are very many more farmers who stable their cows at night and feed them a good ration than there were then, and there are plenty of negligent ones yet who need to be converted from the error of their ways. It seems that it would be easy to convince a man of the wisdom of keeping a milk cow warm, but evidently there are some unbelievers still living.

Dairying is the grandest helpmeet the farmer has to-day. There is no man in my opinion, the slightest reason for fearing that first-class butter, properly marketed, will ever fail to be profitable to the maker.

There is too much poor butter manufactured for that. Let those who wish to profit by it make only a strictly high-grade article, and the price is all right for all they have to sell. Some localities may make one way of selling best, and some another. Each individual butter maker must study the situation for himself, and an speaking of home butter-making, not to creamery butter makers. I believe the place to make the butter is at home on the farm. Not that I would do away with the creameries, but for clear profit the home dairy will come out ahead if properly managed. The work, of course, is also greater than where the milk or cream is sent to the creamery.

### Flavor in Butter.

The great harm comes when manufacturers conceive the idea that by coloring their butter of an inferior grade they can pass it off as first-class stock. So confident are many in this respect that they become slack in their manufacturing methods, and depend largely upon the color for selling their product. The butter is sometimes very poor, and it is colored to a bright golden tint, and then packed in tin prints, or small pots and tubs. It really looks attractive when displayed on the stand, but it does not require an expert to discover its inferiority upon testing. And in these days of rigid classification of

dairy products, no butter passes inspection until it has been tasted. Tasting and not looks after all decides the fate of the product, and under looks largely help.

Some contend that the matter of flavor is simply a question of taste, and that most people differ on the subject. This is somewhat erroneous in its teaching. Most cultivated tastes agree upon a certain standard of flavor, and in nine cases out of ten, the flavor that the professional market tasters approve of will be just the standard of taste that the good customers will like. It is just as well then to pay more attention to this standard of taste and less to the question of artificial coloring.

If there is anything a dairymen must strive for, it is to give a rich, high flavor to his butter. Then it is an easy matter to color and pack properly for market. But flavor must come from good feeding and good making. In the winter time when food is naturally poor it is possible to increase the flavor by extra care in the making and by letting the cream ripen thoroughly. Naturally the Jersey and Guernsey make a rich, high color, but if they are improperly fed or cared for, or if the cream is kept in close, impure air, and not ripened as it should be, the butter is very deficient in flavor. Sometimes it is highly colored but it lacks grain, solidity and flavor.

### SOLID FACTS ABOUT SHOES.

Give Heed to All of Them and Be Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise.

An Augusta shoe dealer relates many little sayings that he has heard when selling people *long wear*. Some people place considerable confidence in these superstitions, while others look upon them as myths. The dealer quoted from his little note book a few of these amusing sayings, such as: "Worn on the heel, spends a good deal." "Worn on the ball, spends it too." "Worn on the vamp, look out for a scamp." "Worn on the toes, spends as he goes." "Worn on the side, will be a rich man's bride," all of which may be taken for just what they are worth.

"An old sign says that if a young man is careless of his shoe lacing, he will neglect his wife; but on the contrary, if he laces them tight he will be very stingy in his dealings with her. By the way, if a young man is going to see his sweetheart and stain his right toe, he may know that he is to be welcome; but if he stains his left one he may as well turn around and go home, because she does not want to see him. Again, if his laces keep coming untied, his lady love is talking or thinking about him."

"When you buy a pair of new shoes, never put them on a shelf higher than your head, unless you want to bring bad luck; and if you broken them before you have had both shoes on you may meet with an accident, or even have a sudden death. This is an old Irish superstition. The Scottish girls believe that if they drop their shoes before they are worn, trouble will ensue, while a French lady losing her heel is sure of some disappointment in love, and a German mother in the same predicament feels that she will soon lose one of her children."

"You must not put your right shoe on your left foot or your left shoe on your right foot, nor must you put your left shoe on before the right unless you want bad luck. This superstition dates back to one of the Emperors of Rome, who, it is recorded, put on his left shoe first one morning, and came near being assassinated during the day. "As a sign of respect the Japanese take off their slippers when they meet in the street, and the Jews used to pluck off one of their shoes to confirm a bargain. Throughout the East, when an inferior enters the presence of his superior, he leaves his shoes or slippers at the door. A great many people still follow the old custom of throwing an old shoe after a bride couple, but very few know the old significance of this. It is supposed to bring good luck, and those that throw it after a newly married couple do so with the best intentions in the world. This custom, however, really came from the Anglo-Saxon times, when the father invariably handed the bridegroom one of the bride's old shoes which signifies the giving up of all authority over the girl to her husband, so that those who throw an old shoe after the departing couple nowadays are really signifying that she is his property, as in medieval times."

"It is supposed to bring good luck to kiss an old shoe when the bride is passing around the house, but if they are burned up, according to an old sign, snakes will squirm away from the place and will leave behind them. Old negro 'aunties' often burn up old shoes and hog hoots, and use a mixture of the two for cures. It would seem as though a good small mold would be preferable to this remedy."

This ancient shoe dealer's collection of shoe knowledge in this line, and doubtless many other superstitions in regard to the shoe, but he is sure to put on your right shoe first in the morning."

### Where Life Is Held Cheap.

How cheap life is held in the east is illustrated in the case of three well-to-do Chinese men who were recently arrested in New York and ordered to be deported. The penalty of desertion in China is death, but the three arrested Chinese men did not seem to be alarmed, for the laws in that country permit a man, having the means to hire somebody to die for him by proxy. It was explained by the counsel having in charge the interests of the three deserters that they got back their cash each by means of death by proxy, by employing a coolie to be on hand upon the day appointed for their execution. The coolie takes his head money and has a high old time on it. Of course the deserters will be obliged to employ a man to follow his substitute, for should that important personage fail to put in an appearance on the day of execution the deserter's own head will pay the forfeit. This sort of vicious arrangement for crime must be very convenient for wealthy sinners in the East. But it offers a melancholy illustration of the cheapness of human life among the heathen, well competing with the stolidness with which the Chinese soldiers, when defeated, give themselves over to slaughter.

### Profitable.

Editor Berry—Dr. Thurdly's sermon to the young ladies was a great success. Mrs. Berry—What was the text? Editor Berry—Something about making them "fishers of men."

## WINTER WRINKLES.

"Was there a party here to look at the house?" "Snap—" "Well, I don't know what you might think, but he seemed to me to be a regular picnic."

Miss Underhill—"I have been told to be your poor. I think I had better break our relations. Stewart—"I have broken all mine already."

Little Ethel—"What makes the baby cry so?" Little Dot—"Mamma says it's 'cause of getting teeth." Little Ethel—"They must be a awful bad fit."

"Yes," said Mrs. Shopper, "I bought this dress at the bargain counter, but I am not sure that it was the shopkeeper who made the bargain."

Pushpin—"Do you suppose that I could get a bigger price for my poem if I had it set to music?" "Joliffe—"No, you'd have to sell it for a song, then."

"My dear," said Mr. Kicker, "you are to say the least, very hard to please." "Oh, I don't know about that," she replied. "I'm married yet, you know."

She had the times on us have borne

And last year's overalls are worn

And pretty well worn too.

Wiggins—"My dear boy, you look as happy as an 'after taking' picture." Ben-dick—"Do I? No wonder. That's just what I am. She has accepted me!"

Her father—"No, young man, my doctor can never be yours. Her doctor—My dear sir, I don't want her to be my daughter, I want her to be my wife."

The Bore—"Oh, excuse me, I didn't know you were so busy or I wouldn't have dropped in. When is your birthday time?"

Parvino—"And what does your husband do?" Mrs. Hoax—"He changes silver." Mrs. Parvino—"So does mine, but he never seems to be able to catch it."

How will the busy little moth

Employ each long, long day

Until the dandelion and the furs

Are once more packed away?

Jack Ford—"I say, old man, there's anything between you and that little Laughton girl?" "Jolly West—"Only a little matter of \$100,000 I haven't got."

"How is your wife?" "Um, her head has been troubling her a good deal this year." "Sick headache?" "Not exactly. She keeps wanting a new hat every four weeks."

"I can't help my dislikes for it," said Meandering Mike; "I once seen a sign in the suburbs that said 'water works' and I never could have no respect for it since."

What so rare as a day in June?

This view the poets draw.

Now let them try just one or two,

In March when they are raw.

Tired Timmy—"Mam, couldn't you help a man out of work?" Mrs. Panoske—"I'm sorry, but you could keep yourself out of work without help from anybody."

Young lady—"I should like to give my intended a little surprise before our marriage. What would you recommend?" Lady friend—"Don't wear your false teeth just on one side."

Factor (snapping his head)—"Well, my dear sir, I can do nothing more for you. Patient—"What? Good gracious, doctor!" Doctor—"No; really, my friend, you are in perfect health."

Mr. Watts—"It seems queer that elephants should be so afraid of mice." Mrs. Watts—"I don't see anything queer in it. The elephant is one of the most intelligent of quadrupeds."

The Musical Scale in Flats—Gentlemen—(looking into the apartments of a musical composer)—"Excuse me, does Mr. Secretary Meyer live here?" Musician—"No; he lives on an octave higher."

Bilbo Frocks—"This cake is awful nice, mamma." (To go on.) "This cake is awful nice, mamma." "Well, what of it?" "Oh, nothing; only when the minister says 'I do,' you always ask him to have more."

"There, my love," said the young husband as he placed a large bundle on the table. "I've bought you a pair of slippers. Oh, my darling," exclaimed the delighted wife, "I'm so happy! Anything will do for a dress."

"No," mused Mr. Bonadict, as he sat down to do some repairing on his clothes—"I've bought you a pair of slippers. I was single it was an awful task to thread a needle. Now I have a wife and she threads it for me."

Freddie—"Mamma, my face is dirty. Please wash it?" Mamma—"Freddie, where the world do you just to say 'one face,' like a little street arse? Why don't you say 'my face is dirty'?" Freddie—"Because your face isn't dirty."

Still in Tune After 3,000 Years.

Late excavations in Norway and Denmark have brought to light four ancient bronze horns. Of these antique musical instruments, which are 2,000 to 3,000 years old, the Ancient Northern Museum in Copenhagen possesses a collection of nineteen pieces. The pair of horns lately discovered in Denmark was found in marshy ground near Nybojning, on the Island of Falster. Although broken, they will be easily repaired. The horns are of conical shape, six feet long, and show the same type of other specimens found before. They date from the sixth century B.C., and according to Dr. Muller, director of the Royal Museum, the finding place must have been in ancient times a sacred grove, where the horns had been deposited as sacrificial offerings. The second pair of horns was found several weeks ago in the vicinity of Stavanger, Norway. They are in excellent preservation and are keyed in the same tone.

Some of these horns in the Copenhagen collection are in such condition that they may yet be judged as to quality, tone, &c. According to Dr. Hamm, they are tuned to C, some smaller ones in E, and others in D.E., or G. They show in their elegant curves and embellishments a highly developed taste and technical perfection. Large animal horns have probably served as models. The horns are cast in several parts and have been put together. Some time ago the public in Copenhagen had occasion to convince itself of the powerful yet melodious tones of these instruments, as the museum officials had arranged a musical performance on the horns which proved quite successful. In ancient times these bronze horns evidently served for religious purposes in the sacred groves and temples of a people whose long since vanished from the earth.

During last year 60,000 acres of bog and marshland were reclaimed in Ireland.

## DRIVING BACK THE SEA.

Thousands of Square Miles Being Reclaimed by the People of Holland.

The people of Holland have undertaken a gigantic work by means of which they expect to recover the larger part of the territory now covered by the Zuyder Zee, the inland sea of the country, and turn it again into a fertile farming region. It is now just five centuries since the foundation of that part of the Netherlands now covered by the Zuyder Zee was completed, the encroachments of the sea having been going on for 225 years, previous to which time the territory was covered with forests. By the most stupendous exertions about 350 square miles of country have already been recovered by an elaborate dike system which has gradually reclaimed section after section that was lost, but the new scheme transcends the previous work in extent and importance. The towns of the region, which had become of considerable importance as seaports through the bringing of the water of the ocean to their doors, have lost considerable of that importance through the difficulties of navigation and the transfer of the trade to the North Holland Canal and the Y Ship Canal, which connects the metropolis with the ocean. On this account the remnants of commerce are not worth as much to the towns as the country would be after it is reclaimed, and therefore there is general acquiescence in the plan to drive the ocean back to its old bed.

In account of the great cost it will be distributed over a period of thirty-three years, so as to make it less oppressive and to make the benefits gradually bear their share of the expense. A colossal sea wall is first to be built from North Holland to Friesland, shutting out the tides of the ocean. This wall will be 216 feet wide at the base and the top will be seventeen feet above the sea level, while along the inner side and at some distance below the top will be a track wide enough for a wagon road and a railway. After the sea is barred out the inclosed space to be reclaimed will inclose within separate embankments four areas containing in the aggregate 750 square miles. One of these areas will be first drained by pumping the water over the embankment, the water finding its way to the sea through the main channel, and the smaller portions become exposed they will be successively brought under cultivation. It is calculated that within ten years 25,000 acres can be made annually available, and it is the end of the century will be reduced to a channel about fifteen miles wide called the Ysselmeer, communicating with the sea by locks at Wieringen, with Amsterdam by a branch three miles wide and by another with the Scheldt. The plan has received the sanction of the government and the engineers pronounce it feasible.

## An African Idyl.



Back Alley. Ah, darling, I could sit in this grape-vine forever telling you my boundless love, and—



Box: You don't say so?

## On a Business Basis.

The banker was talking to a bachelor broker about his future state, as to speak. "Why do you get married?" he inquired. "You've got money enough." "I presume I have; but you see I take no stock in matrimony."

"Pshaw; that doesn't make any difference."

"I think it makes a great deal."

"Of course it doesn't," insisted the banker. "Don't you very often make a mighty good thing by assuming the bonds of matrimony?" "By no means," replied the broker, "but I take stock in it under any circumstances."

The broker hadn't looked at it in that light before and he took the proposition under advisement.

## The Soup Industry.

Steward (writing bill of fare)—"What sort of soup will you have to-day?" Cook—"I will tell you soon. 'Zam!'" "Sam—"Here!"

Cook—"Haf! yesterday's scraps been added to see what pot!"

Sam—"Yep."

Cook—"Vat zort of soup does it smell like?"

## CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The Employees of Labor and the Laborer.

In discussing the labor problem it is customary to consider capital and labor as the two contending interests. The employer of labor is treated as the capitalist. This is a mistaken idea. There should be a distinction. There should be a triple classification, the capitalist, the employer of labor and the laborer. In many instances the classes intermingle, it is true. Sometimes the employer of labor owns the whole of his own plant and sometimes he also works at the bench with his men. But the distinction is sufficiently marked to admit of the above classification. The employer is rarely the capitalist (counting the capitalist and landlord together) and the laborer is rarely his own employer. On the one hand the laborer asks for wages; he takes no risk but when Saturday night comes he expects his pay. He consents to labor only for a stipulated sum guaranteed in advance. Whether the business is prosperous or not his pay must be forthcoming. The capitalist, also, takes no risks. He rents the lands or buildings or both, as the case may be, for a stipulated sum guaranteed in advance. Or he loans his money for a stipulated amount of interest, payable at certain stated intervals, and to secure payment of both principal and interest he takes a mortgage or trust deed on the plant or is otherwise secured in the case of failure he can get his own, with usury. The employer is the third party. He is sometimes a capitalist and sometimes a laborer, but more often stands between, belonging to neither class but required to bear alone all the risks of both. Between these two, the secured capitalist and the guaranteed laborer, the employer—the man who endeavors to organize industry, to manage business, to make production possible—must stand alone and take all chances.

If there is strife, it is not a war between capital and labor, as is commonly supposed, but a war between employer and employee. The capitalist is unscrupulous. He is secured; the strike does not affect him. If there is a fall in prices it does not affect the laborer; his wages are guaranteed. The employer must bear the burden. If he fails, as statistics show from seventy-five to ninety per cent, do sooner or later, the capitalist forecloses and the farm or the workshop passes into other hands. The laborers change masters and the overworked, harassed and worn-out are driven into an insane asylum. The iron hand of the security-holder bears even heavier upon the employer than upon the workingman. It is not the manufacturers and employers of labor, great and small, who are robbing the country, as some of the adulated politicians would have us believe, but the parasites who suck the blood from all forms of industry. The workingman should make a distinction and learn who are the real enemies of labor. If they will go so large part of the animosity which now exists between the employer and employee will disappear, and all producers will unite to crush the growing power of the security-holder and thus restore prosperity to farms and workshops.

## KISSES.

Train Your Children to Kiss in the Right Way.

Kisses may be conveniently divided into two classes, those which belong to and are intimately associated with the warmer passions of the heart and those which are purely conventional, says the Medical Press. In view of the exacting demands of modern sanitary principles, in neither case is the habit desirable or even permissible. Nevertheless, it is only waste of labor for medical mentors to protest against the habit, so far as the first "order" of kisses is concerned. Microbes, however pathogenic, will be ignored under these circumstances, and such will be the case until time is no more.

With respect, however, to the second variety of kisses, the matter is different. For the most part, the habit is practised upon children, boys and girls. Among adults, too, kissing to a large extent prevails. But the facility with which diphtheria, measles, whooping cough, and scarlet fever are transmitted in early life renders the habit one of the most common sense will show to be open to grave objections. However essential conventional kisses may be regarded as a means of demonstrating friendship and politeness, parents should nevertheless, we think, consider in this matter the welfare of their children first. Our condemnation of kisses may, for practical purposes, be restricted to the objectionable but common practice of kissing on the mouth. Among grown-up people it is unbecoming, to say the least, while among children the practice is open to the gravest suspicion.

Children can be trained with the greatest ease to offer the cheek or the forehead for the preferred caress, and to elude the attempt to contaminate the lips. The incubation period of all the diseases mentioned may or may not be ineffective in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Upon this matter our knowledge is so far, as by no means certain, while, on the other hand, recent investigations would seem to indicate that the infection of zymotic diseases in patients is of very much longer duration than used formerly to be supposed, enduring, indeed, long after convalescence has been established.

## Time Is Money.

It was near 5 o'clock and the man was on his way home when he met a wanderer who had no home.

"Excuse me," said the wanderer, "do you think time is money?"

"That's what they say," responded the man.

"And what time is it now?"

"About 5 o'clock."

"Well, give me about 5 cents and be thankful I didn't strike you at 10 o'clock." He got it.

## Couldn't Be Mistaken.

Stranger—"What's the name of this street?"

City Boy—"Zoochiblessat."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes; I've heard the conductors call it out, often."

## ABOUT THE HOUSE.

### Storing Winter Vegetables.

The cellar should receive especial attention before the winter vegetables are stored in it. The housekeeper should attend to this work herself, for it is important to have it thoroughly and properly done.

First remove all vegetables and matter which had become mouldy or liable to decay. Sweep the ceiling, walls and floor and wash the windows and wood work. A generous coat of whitewash should be applied to the walls and ceiling of the cellar every year, as it removes every trace of odor and renders the air pure.

To prepare the whitewash, put sufficient boiling water over a peck of unslacked lime and keep it covered during the process of slaking. When slaked and a part of salt and four ounces of soda, the water enough water to make the wash of the consistency of thick cream. Stir thoroughly. Apply with a whitewash brush or broom.

If the walls are dark and mouldy it indicates that the cellar is damp, and to remedy this place a peck of unslacked lime in the cellar. The hard lime will absorb the moisture in a short time. When the lime is reduced to a powder, replace it with fresh lime.

If rats invade the cellar put concentrated lye in their holes. The lye will burn their feet and tails and they will soon abandon the premises. The odor of lye will drive rats and mice from the cellar. It is a piece of tarred paper to the walls of the cellar and the rats and mice will leave.

Beets, turnips, carrots, etc., should be packed in boxes or barrels and stored with damp sand or earth. Cabbages, if kept in a fine condition until January, if the cellar is not too warm. Do not remove stalks or outer leaves. Tie a string around the stalk of each and hang from the ceiling in the coldest part of the cellar.

If butter must be kept in the cellar keep it as far from the vegetables as possible. Pack it in jars and spread over its thin cloth and a layer of salt over the cloth. Tie a cloth over the top of the jar and place a piece of charcoal on top.

If bulbs are to be kept in the cellar pack them in sand which has been sifted and well baked.

### The Use of Cream.

Very few housekeepers can realize the nutritive value of cream and understand its superiority to any other solid fat, in permitting the gastric juices to mix with it in the most perfect manner, and in this way aiding and hastening digestion. It is invaluable in the case of indigestion, or it serves as nutriment in a very available form. It is superior to butter, because it contains more volatile oil than butter made from it. It is frequently ordered by physicians for persons consumptively inclined, for those with feeble digestions for aged persons, and for those who suffer from impaired circulation, cold feet, and who feel chilly from want of nutriment. No other article of food gives such satisfactory results. It is, however, expensive in large cities and difficult to get fresh and sweet. On a farm, however, it can be had as freely as milk. For use in cooking, it should be thick and sweet, while for drinking it can be used after the milk has stood, at the most, but a few hours over night.

### Curing Hams.

The following is the famous recipe used by Mrs. Henry Clay for curing hams. For every ten hams of moderate size she took three and one-half pounds of fine salt, one pound of saltpetre and two pounds of brown sugar, and after mixing them thoroughly together, rubbed the hams thoroughly on either side. They were then packed in a tight box and placed in a cool out-of-door place for about three weeks, when the hams were taken out and put in a pickling tub or hogshead and covered with a strong brine to swim an egg. After remaining in the pickle for about three weeks they were taken out, thoroughly rubbed with fresh salt and hung up in a well ventilated house for a few days, when they were transferred to the smoke-house, where they were hung up and smoked with green hickory or walnut wood until they had acquired the color of bright mahogany, when each ham was cut up in slices, the strings whitewashed and hung up to dry after which they were whitewashed again and packed away in hogheads with necessary seasonings until wanted.

### Useful Recipes.

Snow Cream.—If made with dry and soft snow it is equal to ice cream, and is made in a few minutes. One egg, a cup of sweet milk or sweet cream, one teaspoon vanilla, stir in enough snow to make a stiff mass.

Baked Winter Apples.—Put a heaping teaspoon of flour into a cup, and two table spoons of sugar; then add enough water to make the cup three-fourths full, pour over a pan of apples or into a bowl, and bake.

Apple Dumplings.—The quart of flour, two good teaspoons of baking powder, pinch of salt, and 1½ cups of rich, sweet milk. Grease six cups, put 2 spoonfuls of batter in each, then a quarter of an apple cut in two, then more batter; place in steamer and steam one hour. To eat warm, with milk and sugar.

### The Black Haired Women.

It is very rarely one sees a woman with the absolute ink hair of Hamlet's mother, but when one does, he is certain the dark complexion is a great beauty. In the case of uncertain drabs and grays and reds and the "ruined" blonde, a little ink hair is a great improvement. It is a black hair which happens to be a black girl with fresh, clear skin and deep eyes which always "go" with the black hair. Such a type is seldom seen, but it is a pure Irish and greater beauty than the real Celtic beauty can be found among all the Saxon Latin and Slavonic races.

### Flattery a Flat Failure.

Hubbie—"You are crowned with beauty dear."

Wife—"That's all right, Charlie, but I got to have a new winter bonnet just the same."







## An Annual Event

Nearly every business man is engaged at this time of the year in the performance of an annual duty, viz. **Stock Taking**. He finds out how much he owes, and how much is owing him.

We want to pay every cent we owe. Now, how about that little balance that has been standing against YOU for some three months, some six months, some twelve months and some, Oh! So much longer than that. It isn't much you say, but to me it means a **Lot** in the aggregate. Our year closes the 1st February. Won't you call around.

## W.W.Bole

The Moose Jaw Times.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1895.

### LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

R. H. Burns, Montreal, was here on Monday.

H. L. Blass, agent Standard Oil Co., was in town Monday on business.

Supt. Milestone went on a tour of inspection as far as Prince Albert this week.

A communication from Senator Perley is unavoidably crowded out this week.

F. H. Whyte, representing a Toronto millinery house, spent Tuesday in town.

Mr. A. Smith, of the C.P.R. dining hall, has gone on a business trip to Winnipeg.

T. C. Johnstone, advocate, Regina, spent a day in town this week on legal business.

W. E. Beatty, Toronto, was here on Tuesday in the interests of a gent's furnishing house.

R. G. Emerson, H. Wilson, W. J. Tait, and Geo. Stitt, Winnipeg, registered at the dining hall this week.

Mr. D. J. McMillan, who has been spending his holidays at the ranch of Mr. McWilliams, has returned to town.

H. L. Fysh, rancher south of town, paid this office a friendly call this week and reports stock in his neighborhood doing well.

Engine 91, of the R. L. & S. has returned from the Winnipeg shops in charge of Engineer Bryce who will in future run on the Prince Albert branch.

Until further notice the weekly prayer meeting of the Presbyterian church will be held at the residence of members and adherents of the congregation. Notice of the place will be given at the Sunday service in advance.

Mr. Wm. White, who lives south of town, had the misfortune to lose a valuable horse the past week. By some means the animal got cast under the petting between the stalls and was dead when discovered in the morning.

The regular gathering of the Quadrille Club was held in Russell hall Friday evening. The attendance was not as large as on former occasions, other entertainments interfering. Those who were out, however, enjoyed themselves.

Next Sunday, the 3rd of Feb., will be the anniversary of the Christian Endeavor. Union services will be held in the Presbyterian and Methodist churches. In the Presbyterian church in the morning Rev. Mr. Ladington will officiate and in the Methodist church in the evening Rev. Mr. Stacey will discourse on the work of the Society.

We received this week a copy of a special edition of Copp, Clark & Co.'s Canadian Almanac for 1895, printed for the enterprising corporation of H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., of London, England, who are now sole proprietors of "Warner's Safe Cure." It is full of valuable information and reflects credit on the publishers as well as on the enterprise of the English Company.

The Y.P.S.C.E. of the Presbyterian church, held a social at the residence of Mr. C. A. Gass on the 25th inst. The house was crowded by a happy lot of young people attracted for their own amusement as well as the cause for which the entertainment was given. An admission fee of 25 cents was charged and the proceeds realized, thirteen dollars, applied to the organ fund.

A. French, Toronto, spent a day in town.

A freight is reported in the ditch at Pasqua junction.

Miss Hyland and Mrs. Trusler have returned to their homes in Broadview.

P. F. Sizel, L. D. S. of Regina, spent Wednesday in town on professional business.

J. H. Kern of the Brunswick hotel has been on an extended trip through Manitoba.

Road Master McTaggart of Estevan was accompanied on his last trip by Mrs. McTaggart.

Mr. S. McWilliams, son of our rancher south of town, and who is at present in charge of the stock, is in for supplies.

Conductor Hall, of the Brandon-Broadview division is now running out of Moose Jaw. Mrs. Hall is the guest of Mrs. Ostrander.

The Privy Council have decided that Roman Catholics of Manitoba have the right of appeal to the Governor General in Council for remedial legislation. This decision will re-open the school question and make a nut for politicians to crack.

W. D. Cowan, D.D.S., of Regina, will be in Moose Jaw on Monday, Feb. 4th, for the practice of his profession. As this is the only day the Dr. will spend in town this month parties having business with him will please bear this in mind.

Robt. Moore, rancher from Eye Brow Lake is in town for supplies. He reports the winter as being very favorable so far for stock. The cold snap found the herds generally with a good coat of fat which helps keep out the frost and altogether cattle and horses are doing very well.

A letter from H. F. G. Dreyer conveys the news that he is not likely to return to Moose Jaw for some time. He will take a five year theological and university course. During the past year Mr. Dreyer was employed as clerk by E. A. Baker & Co. and during his stay here formed a large circle of friends.

**To Enjoy Life**

The physical machine must be in good running order. A little care—the use of Ripans Tablets—will give you every morning the feeling that you are "glad to be alive."

**Matched, Matched and Despatched.**

Births, marriages and deaths registered in the Moose Jaw District for the half year ending 31st December, 1894:

Births	44
Marriages	13
Deaths	6

H. McDONNELL, Divisional Registrar.

**Will Power.**

The Gold Cure and No-To-Bac are no doubt powerful aids in overcoming the disease of alcoholism and the desire for tobacco in one form or another, but these remedies are valueless without the aid of personal will power in conjunction therewith.

The discovery by scientists of these antidotes and the knowledge that many have been cured has prompted a few to try the exercise of will power alone to enable them to overcome these injurious practices. Some in our midst have overcome the disease of alcoholism by the exercise of will power alone and have thereby won great admiration and esteem. We are not privileged to mention their names. Others, the most inveterate smokers who have hitherto enjoyed the fragrant weed, have "stopped short, never to smoke again." The two latest converts our esteemed townsmen, Duncan McVannell and O. B. Fysh.

"They never drink behind the bar, nor even take a mild cigar."

There are a few others now doing penance, but they are not as yet sufficiently tested to be admitted into the society of non-smokers. In the meantime all we can say is "stay with it boys" and will power will win, though Gold Cure and No-To-Bac makes the struggle easier.

**BIRTHS.**

Fysh.—On Jan. 29, the wife of O. B. Fysh, of a son.

**Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.**

**DR.**

**PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER**

**MOST PERFECT MADE.**

A pure Grain Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

### Valley Lodge No. 1. I.O.O.F.

The following officers of Valley Lodge No. 1, I.O.O.F. were installed at the regular meeting Thursday night by Bro. R. H. Lowe, D.D.G.M.:—N.G. C. A. Gass; V.G. R. H. Hardy; S.S. O. B. Fysh; Treas. R. H. Lowe; War. G. Lottman; Com. W. Pascoe; R.S.N.G. J. Macaulay; L.S.N.G. J. Nair; R.S.V.G. A. Dalgarno; L.S.V.G. J. McMillan; R.S.S. E. Allison; L.S.S. G. Lamb; I.G. J. Baker; O.G. J. Fowler.

**Hymeneal.**

Mr. Wm. Dalgetty was married on the 23rd inst., to Miss Annie Bell. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's brother about six miles south of town. A number of friends of the family were in attendance. After dinner Mr. and Mrs. Dalgetty left for home followed by the best wishes of the assembled gathering. The bridesmaids in best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Dalgetty.

**A Souvenir.**

Mr. Amos Hicks has a souvenir supposed to be from the wreck of the H.B. Co.'s steamer Beaver. It is copper and takes the shape of a coin. On one side is the cut of a shipwreck and the following inscription:—Wreck of the H.B. Co.'s S.S. Beaver, Vancouver, B.C. 1892. Built 1885; and on the other side, "This copper was taken from the wreck of H.B. Co.'s S.S. Beaver, the first steamer on the Pacific also crossed the Atlantic in 1885."

**Railway Rates Commission.**

A circular received at this office from the Secretary of the Rates Commission asks if the people of Moose Jaw require a sitting here, or will evidence be prepared and forwarded the Commission. Their address up to the 4th inst. will be Regina, after that date Calgary. We understand the Agricultural Society appointed a committee to gather evidence. If they have taken any steps as directed and require the presence of the Commission better make it known at once.

**The Literary Society.**

Our Literary Society has been unfortunate. It started under most favorable auspices. An energetic president with an efficient committee should make any society a success. When a society has the work to do, the benefits to confer, and the claims of this work and these benefits grafted into its executive as had the Literary Society there must then be a strong combination that will be able to keep that organization from doing effective work. Such a combination has confronted the executive. The difficulty of finding the night on which there are no conflicting meetings, the choice of a suitable adapted to the needs of the Society with the multiplicity of social and entertainments incidental to the holiday season have been against the launching of a brand new time-consuming enterprise. We trust the executive will find that delay has but stayed their work and that Moose Jaw's Musical and Literary Society will zealously and successfully perform its needed functions. We are delighted to believe that if a suitable night can be secured a meeting of the Society will be called by a notice posted in the Post Office. The Managing Committee have prepared a constitution that will be submitted for the approval of the Society.

**R. T. of T. Concert.**

Every available seat in Russell Hall was occupied on Wednesday night by members of this order, and some were forced to stand. The occasion was a literary and musical entertainment, followed by a substantial supper. The losing side in the late lodge contest had come prepared with this trick for their conquerors. Miss Macdonald led her followers to victory, while Miss McBride, the captain of the losing side, only succeeded after a long and hard struggle for supremacy. Select Conductor W. J. Nelson occupied the chair and Mrs. J. Richards, the Vice-Chair, after the opening exercises and some general business were concluded with, the defeated soldiers presented the following programme:

Instrumental march, Miss McBride; vocal solo, "Save the Boy," Miss Bat tell; reading, "Maudie is Dying," W. J. Nelson; vocal solo, "The Exile's Lament," Miss McKnight; instrumental on the autoharp, "After the Ball," Mr. P. Callon; recitation, "Our Heroes," R. W. Timmons; instrumental, organ and guitar, Messrs. Walter and James Simington; an essay on music, H. V. Fleming; vocal solo, in French with autoharp and harmonica accompaniment, Mr. Potvin; instrumental on autoharp and harmonica, Mr. P. Callon; recitation, "The Slave's Dream," Miss Green; reading, "Maud Muller," Miss McKnight; organ solo, Miss McBride.

The well-rendered and diversified literary and musical programme being finished, all present enjoyed the recherche repast, after which the last hours of the night were pleasantly spent in an impromptu conversation.

At the conclusion of the entertainment a motion was unanimously passed thanking Miss McBride and her followers for the grand entertainment and excellent repast furnished. Mr. Nelson acknowledged as one of her followers the vote of thanks.

The entertainment ended by all present joining in the solemn closing exercises of the order.

**Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.**—Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart gives perfect relief in all cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease in 30 minutes, and especially effects a cure. It is a perfect remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. W. Bole.

**Relief in Six Hours.**—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of urine and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

### TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

A Most Successful Performance on Monday Evening.

The tableaux vivants, etc., which were presented in the town hall on Monday evening, in aid of St. John the Baptist Church, was the most successful affair of its kind ever held in Moose Jaw. When the curtain rose at the commencement the large audience beheld a stage decked out in a very artistic way. The settings had been prepared with such taste that one used to the barrenness of stage fixtures that has usually characterized Moose Jaw performances, could scarcely believe that he had not dropped by accident into some well-appointed concert hall.

The performance opened with an overture from "Patience" by Mr. Alexander Ball, after which a tableau, "Tenting To-Night," was shown. It represented a military camp over which the silence of night had fallen. A sentry stood motionless before one of the tents at the time of "Officer's rounds," and the strains of "Tenting To-Night" came from the tents. Messrs. Marshall, Potter and Bailey took the visible parts of this tableau.

A quartette, "Good Night, Good Night Beloved," was then rendered by Miss Stephenson, Miss Tapley, Messrs. Potter and Bailey. Mrs. Guerin, of Whitewood then followed with "Our Guide in Rome" from the "Innocents Abroad." This talented lady has caught the interpretation of Mark Twain's humor, and her portraiture of the Italian Ferguson and the American Doctor provoked a great deal of merriment.

The tableau "Chips that Pass in Night," was vastly amusing. Readers of the novel that bears so similar a title were quite out in their speculations as to the character of the tableau, for it represented a very popular western game which had arrived at that interesting point where two of the players dropped out, and those of the audience who were blessed with sharp eyes could spy four aces in one of the remaining player's hand and four kings in the other. The curtain dropped and rose again to disclose the gambler's sprawled in terror on the floor and glaring at his Satanistic Majesty, hoofs, horns, pitchfork and all.

A set of lancers was then danced by eight children, Misses Belle and Grace Baker and Edna and Bessie Robinson, and Masters Willie Porter, Boyd Simpson, Ben. Ostrander and Willie Emerson. The little girls were dressed in Empire gowns and wigs and the boys in Louis XIV style. The costumes were splendidly gotten up and their youthful scowlers looked charming. They moved through the mazes of the dance with a grace and song that was astonishing and merited the ovation of applause they received. After a song by Mr. Hamilton Lang, rendered in his usual happy style and cheered to the echo, the third tableau, "Luna," was shown with good effect. It represented a little maiden, Miss Bessie Baker, sitting in the new moon. By a skilful manipulation of the color of lights, this tableau was rendered very effective. The tableau was followed by a recitation by Mrs. Guerin, being Mrs. Nickleby's colloquy with the old gentleman next door. In this Mrs. Guerin showed the skill of a trained elocutionist, and the audience were not behind hand in their appreciation. The next number was a solo, "Fly Forth, O, Gentle Dove," by Miss Stephenson, which was exceptionally well rendered and received an enthusiastic encore. Messrs. Potter and Bailey then sang "Lantern Watch" in capital style and responded gracefully to a well-merited encore. The third tableau, "His Angels Watch Over Us," represented two little girls in night robes kneeling at their mother's knee and an angel watching the beautiful scene. The posing in this tableau was very good. Miss Stephenson, Miss Nora Stephenson and little Miss Bessie and Daisy Robinson took the parts. Mr. Bailey then sang "Maudie" in a style that called forth most energetic applause to which he responded with another selection entitled, "My Own Boy Tom." Mr. Bailey is one of Moose Jaw's best singers. He has a tenor voice of great power and is quite an acquisition to our town. Mrs. Guerin's third selection, a speech on "Women's Rights," kept the audience in roars of laughter and was one of the best numbers on the programme. Mr. Potter then sang "I Fear No One" with a dash and vim that showed at once the aptness of his selection. The singer was not in good voice owing to a heavy cold, but in this, as in the other musical numbers in which he figured, he acquitted himself creditably. As an encore he sang "Hilly, Hilly, Ho."

The programme was closed with a very pleasing tableau, "Rock of Ages." The subject is so familiar that it needs no description. It is sufficient to say that seldom has it been better produced. The spectacular effect was greatly heightened by the perfect arrangement of lights and the curtain had to be raised again and again. A verse of "Rock of Ages" was sung with beautiful effect. The fair young girl clinging to the cross was Miss Nora Stephenson.

Mr. W. E. Crosbie, who had the management of the concert, is to be congratulated upon the success that attended his painstaking efforts. The arrangements showed an artistic taste and an eye for correctness of detail, and Mr. Crosbie cannot but be gratified at the marked appreciation of the audience. Praise is also due the accompanist, Mr. Alex. Ball, who performed his duties with great credit.

**PATRONS OF INDUSTRY.**

The County Lodge Passes a Resolution, re Prairie Fires to be Forwarded to Messrs. Davin, Daly and Bowell.

It was unanimously resolved that the Moose Jaw County Lodge of Patrons of Industry earnestly petition the Government of Canada to take such vigorous action as will have the effect of putting down the prairie fires which annually devastate the North-West Territories and especially Western Assiniboia and southern Alberta. To these fires, much more than to all other causes serious though some of them may be, do they attribute the present unsatisfactory condition of these Territories. These fires are burning the vegetable mould off the soil and are rapidly transforming the North-West Territories into a barren and sandy waste and so are doing irreparable injury to the soil. To them is doubtless very largely attributable the drought and excessive heat which so greatly interferes with the prosperity of farmers and ranchers; they therefore earnestly request vigorous and immediate action to be taken by the Government of Canada to stamp them out.

For this purpose, in their opinion, it is necessary that all Railways in operation in these territories be required to annually fire-guard their lines of railway throughout this country and especially Western Assiniboia and Southern Alberta; and also that a special fire police force be employed for the purpose of keeping them down throughout the unsettled parts of this vast country. Only thus do they hope that this evil will be effected.

They feel assured that the putting down of these fires would exercise a good influence for the better in the state of this country, and that it must be done before it will ever be settled up. They regard this measure as one of the most important to the people of these Territories. We ask your co-operation in this matter, so kindly give it your earliest attention.

Yours,  
J. H. EICKSON, Sec'y.

**SOUTHERN COUNTRY.**

A Trip to the Country—Mineral Deposits as Well as Good Pasture.

Those who were busied in the condemnation of the bright prospects that illuminated the bold adventurer's countenance which attracted so much attention in these days may now sadly regret and follow the example of the good Samaritan, read their garments, put on sack cloth and ashes or mountain goat or something of that description.

When Mr. T. E. McWilliams in the eighty's penetrated those unknown regions of Wood Mountain with a greed for gold or some paying material anxious to make his mark in the world, free booter and hearty having to pay no tribute to King, Queen or country. He entered upon his successful career from information given him by the Red men. Mr. McWilliams had no difficulty in locating his unbounded treasure. He is of course patiently waiting developments on the part of the Dominion Government by taking hold of some other strong company of that kind who can produce the money to work the mine.

As a disinterested party let me call your attention as an analyst and experienced mineralogist for many years. In this capacity I am fully convinced of there being an unlimited quantity of wealth in those adjacent hills if only properly developed. To give you an idea of the rich properties they contain the compass will not work in this region. The rich quarter is thirty miles south east of Moose Jaw, lying ten miles south west of the Soo line. There are enormous veins of bituminous coal, some 12 feet wide. This quality of coal, which is generally known as petroleum shale, yields 150 gallons of crude petroleum to the ton, while samples of iron, copper, magnesia, antimony and other materials are even visible to the naked eye so that it astonishes the beholder at first sight, particularly if you be familiar with mineral resources. Those hills are one of the chief points of interest to all classes of visitors.

Mr. McWilliams no doubt may well be proud of his success while he can produce the finest specimen of pottery or the clay in the Dominion of Canada and is one of the leading men in that section of the country, being also a successful rancher and is ever ready to receive you on your arrival in his territory with kind hospitality.

In this region there are marvelous samples of beautiful sandstone which may be introduced for building purposes in Moose Jaw at an early date at a very reasonable price if only adopted by the intended builders.

On Mr. McWilliams' country residence the latch string always hangs for you on the outer door, whether or not he knows you will enter his humble abode and make yourself at home, and fully do justice to yourself at the festive board which is always laid in the country style, the freedom of this country home is at your pleasure. In short I will say meet me with the full of a good big hearty fellow.

WANDER.

### CATTLE STRAYED!

Strayed or stolen from the herd of the undersigned, two steers and two heifers, branded S on right shoulder. Any party discovered in possession of these cattle, contrary to law, will be prosecuted.

W. C. SANDERS.  
31st.  
Sec. 25, Tp. 20, Rg. 27,  
Moose Jaw P. O.

## Notice.

The Moose Jaw Agricultural Society have memorialized the Dominion Government to supply the settlers of this District with seed grain and potatoes and in order to expedite matters, should the reply be favorable, all farmers needing seed are requested to give or mail a written and signed statement to the Secretary, J. E. Annable, showing, 1st, Section, Township and Range; 2nd, number of acres broken; 3rd, number of acres ready for crop; 4th, for what seed required, applications must be in before February 9th.

H. DORRELL, Pres.

### CALL AND SEE MY X'MAS

• Stock of •

**Choice Candies**

AND  
**Candy Toys.**

Also Cigars of the best brands, El Padre Pina, El Padre, Crusaders and other domestic brands.

Thos. Healey.

## BRUNSWICK HOTEL,

RIVER STREET, WEST.

Thoroughly refitted and renovated in every department. House refurnished throughout.

ROOMS LIGHTED WITH ELECTRICITY.

First class Liquors and Cigars. Every convenience for the traveling public.

J. H. KERN, PROP.

## Ottawa Hotel

Elaborately fitted up with latest improvements. Lighted throughout with electric light. Billiard hall and commercial rooms in connection. Every accommodation for the traveling public.

Choice Liquors and Cigars.

R. H. W. HOLT, PROPRIETOR.

Hogs bought and sold. Fine Dressed Hogs on hand for sale.

## Bargains FOR CASH

We are in need of some CASH very much this month and it must be got.

For the balance of this month good honest goods must go at a sacrifice. Now is the time to make one dollar buy two dollars worth.

All winter goods must go regardless of cost. Our high class ready made clothing must be reduced.

In shirts and underwear we are giving the greatest values you ever had the privilege of snapping up.

Its CASH we want and BARGAINS WE WILL GIVE.

M. J. MAC LEOD.